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[For the Register.]

MISSIONS.

I have been much interested, in reading the accounts that have been given in the papers of the meetings held in Boston during the winter, for the purpose of awakening an interest in the Unitarian Association, that it may become a more effective agent than formerly in promoting the cause of "pure religion and undefiled." There seems to be a growing conviction that the denomination has not been as active as its position and privileges would seem to authorize, and a determination to do something beyond our own immediate limits, to give our principles and purposes a practical turn, that society may see we are in earnest and be made to feel the value of the truths we profess to cherish. It is to be hoped that this apparent awakening is real, the result of conviction, and not merely a spasmodic effort that must soon cease without producing any good thing.

But my purpose in writing, is to call attention to a sphere for missionary operations, which seems to have been almost entirely overlooked by those who took part in the meetings to which I have referred. We are committing the same mistake, which others have fallen into, namely, that of supposing the missionary ground to be afar off, when it is in fact close by our own doors. The great West, or the far West, is a phrase often used in our meetings, by those who would urge upon us the importance of missions; but much as that indefinite locality may need our sympathy, New England needs it still more. A few hours' ride, in almost any direction, will bring us into regions of ignorance and spiritual darkness, over which the light of Christian truth has hardly begun to shed itself; where theological creeds have depressed all intelligent thought, and as a necessary consequence have prevented the growth and expansion of that true life, which comprehends all virtue and imparts that enthusiasm which is essential to progress. In contrast with this bondage of the mind and heart to a creed, there may be seen the grossest forms of skepticism, and indifference to all religion, the fruit, as I believe, of bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance on the part of those professing to be Christians, of the real nature and adaptation of religion to the practical life and character of man. Now it is from regions such as these, close at hand, within the immediate reach of our charities, and directly under our eyes, so that a constant watch may be kept over the operations of missionaries, that the great and far West is yearly receiving the population, that gives the tone and character to its growing institutions. Thousands have, within the year, gone to California from these very regions, carrying with them the seeds of progress, or barbarism to this attractive territory. We are now called upon to send missionaries thither to do the work, which each child of New England, who has gone there for purposes of pecuniary enterprise, ought to do by his intelligence and moral character; and which would be done, had our charities been dispensed with that wisdom, which the state of society here demands.

It is altogether a mistake for men to suppose because Boston and a few large places, show the fruits of Unitarianism in the intelligence, liberality and refinement of the people, that the work is accomplished in New England, and there is nothing more for us to do. I could repeat instances within my own knowledge, where even in Boston and in the very heart of Unitarian families, the work has been so poorly done, that the gospel is hidden to the sons and daughters of them, which believe, and they have left the path in which their parents are walking, because it is not made straight and plain to them. But what is true of Boston is conspicuous, to those who have eyes to see and minds to comprehend, all over New England. In every direction a call comes up for light; men and women need to be educated in the fundamental principles of religious truth; they are glad to receive any one who will enable them to understand the gospel, free from the superstition and prejudices that now pass current for the doctrines of Jesus Christ. They are tired with the thraldom of protestant popery, and would hail as a deliverer, any one, who would free them from its intolerance. The burden of help is laid upon us.—Unitarians alone can break the charm and give an impulse to the wants of men that shall send them rejoicing on the way of progress.

Is it kind, then, to withhold our efforts? Is it wise to overlook the places where effort is so sure to be rewarded with success; where it is needed as much, nay even more than in those distant regions, which have monopolized our charities, while we continue to dissipate them over an indefinite territory, where indeed the greatest obstacles to the spread of Christian truth and righteousness, are to be traced to the neglect of New England parents and churches towards their offspring and disciples? God forbid that I should utter a word to stay the operations of Unitarian Missions in the West, or in the South. But I cannot overlook the necessities at home, and I would urge these necessities as a reason for more zeal and devotion, inasmuch as the evil we seek to overcome is more imminent than many have supposed. It is high time to awaken out of sleep, to cast off our sluggish indifference to the wants of society and respond with liberality to the cry that is made all around us for help. It is not to exchange one creed for another, nor one form of theology for another, but to disenchant society from the infatuation of creeds that have been substituted in the place of the gospel, to the detriment of that practical theology, which Christ exemplified in his life and character. The harvest is ready; men long to be instructed; they would be glad to know what religion is; they are crying for help; shall we not give it to them, and show to the world and our Master, that we are both sincere in what we believe, and appreciate the value of what we have received?

Bridgeport, Feb. 14th, 1850.

SPEECH OF VICTOR HUGO

IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

GENTLEMEN,—When a discussion is opened which touches what is most serious in the destinies of the country, we must go immediately and without hesitation to the depth of the question.

I begin by speaking of what I would wish; I shall speak directly of what I do not wish.

Gentlemen, every question has its ideal. To me the ideal of this question of education is this; Instruction gratuitous and obligatory. Obligatory in the first degree, gratuitous in all degrees. Primary, obligatory instruction,—it is the right of the child which,—do not be deceived here,—is more sacred still than the right of the father, and which is blended with the rights of the State.

I resume. This is then, to me, the ideal of the question. Instruction, gratuitous and obligatory, in the way which I have just marked out.

An immense public education, given and regulated by the State, starting from the village school and mounting step by step even to the Institute of France! The doors of science wide open to all knowledge; wherever there is a field, wherever there is a mind, let there be there a book. Not one community without a school, not one city without a college, not one great centre without a faculty.

A vast whole, or better to say, a vast network of intellectual work-shops, lyceums, gymnasiums, colleges, professorships, libraries, mingling their rays over the surface of the country, awaking everywhere the apt, and inciting every where the studious; in a word, the ladder of human knowledge, raised firmly by the hand of the State, placed in the shade of the masses that is deepest and most obscure, and reaching up to the light.

A solution of continuity; the heart of the people put in communication with the brain of France. This I understand to be rational public education. Gentlemen, by the side of this magnificent public education soliciting minds of every order, offered by the State, giving to all for nothing the best masters and the best methods, a model of science and of discipline, normal, national, Christian, liberal, which would raise without doubt, the national genius to its highest summit of intensity, I would place without hesitation liberty of teaching, liberty of teaching for private school masters, liberty of teaching for religious corporations; liberty of teaching, full, entire, absolute, submitted to the general laws like all other liberties; and I would have no necessity for assigning to it the uneasy power of the State for an overseer, because I would give the gratuitous teaching of the State for a counterpoise.

This, gentlemen, I repeat it, is the ideal of the question. You are not troubled by it, and we are not ready to come at it, for the solution of the problem contains a considerable financial question, like all the social problems of the present age.

Gentlemen, this ideal it was necessary to indicate to you, for we should always say which way we tend; it offers innumerable points of view; but the hour has not come to develop it. I economise the moments of the Assembly and come at the question immediately in its positive, actual reality. I take it where it is to-day, at the relative point of maturity where circumstances on one side and public reason on the other have brought it.

At this point of sight, restricted but practical, of the actual situation, I wish, I say, liberty of teaching; but with the oversight of the State, as I wish the oversight effective; I wish the State laical, purely laical, exclusively laical. The State is not and cannot be other than purely laical.

I wish, I say, liberty of teaching under the oversight of the State; and I admit, to personate the State in this oversight, so delicate and so difficult, which requires the assemblage of all the living forces of the country, only men belonging unquestionably to the most serious pursuits, but having no interest either of conscience or of politics distinct from the national unity. That is to say, I would not introduce into the superior council of oversight, nor into the secondary councils, either bishops or the deputies of bishops.

I intend to maintain for my part, and if necessary to make more profound than ever, that ancient and salutary separation of the Church and the State, which was the wisdom of our fathers, and that for the interest of the Church as for the interest of the State.

I have told you what I should wish; now this is what I do not wish.

I do not wish for the law which they bring to you. Why? Gentleman, this law is a weapon.

A weapon is nothing by itself; it exists only by the hand which seizes it.

Now, what is the hand by which this law will be seized?

Gentlemen, it is the hand of the clerical party.

Gentlemen, I fear this hand; I wish to break this weapon; I repulse the project.

Having declared this, I enter upon the discussion. I approach immediately and in the face, one objection which they make to the opposition from my point of sight; the only objection which has an appearance of gravity.

They tell us you exclude the clergy from the council of oversight on the part of the State; you wish them to proscribe religious instruction!

Gentlemen, I explain myself. They shall never be compromised, by my fault, neither from what I say, nor from what I think.

Far from wishing to proscribe religious instruction,—do you understand me? it is in my judgment more necessary now than ever. The more man progresses, the more he ought to believe; the nearer he approaches God, the better ought he to see God.

If there is a misfortune in our time, I should almost say there is but one misfortune; it is a certain tendency to rest everything on the present life. In giving to man for an end and object the terrestrial and material life, we aggravate all misery by the negation which comes at last; we add to the oppression of the unfortunate, the insupportable weight of annhilation, and of that which was only suffering,—the law of God,—we make despair, which is the law of hell. Thence come deep social convulsions.

Certainly I am of those who wish, and no one doubts it in this place,—I am of those who wish with an inexpressible ardor, and by every possible means, to ameliorate in this life the physical condition of those who suffer; but the first of ameliorations is to give them hope. How will our finite miseries be softened when they are mingled with an infinite hope!

Our duty to all, whoever we may be, legislators as well as bishops, priests as well as authors, is to spread, to dispense, to lavish, under all forms, every social energy to combat and destroy misery, and at the same time to lift every head up to heaven, to direct every soul, to turn the expectations of all, towards a life beyond this where justice shall be rendered. Let us say it aloud, no one shall have unjustly nor uselessly suffered. Death is a restitution. The law of the material world is equilibrium; the law of the moral world is equity. God restores us at the end of all; let us not forget it, and let us teach it to all; there would be no dignity in life, and it would not be worth the pain of it, if we were to die utterly; and that which sanctifies labor, and eases toil, that which renders man strong, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, at the same time humble and great, worthy of knowledge, worthy of liberty, is the having before him the perpetual vision of a better world shining through the clouds of this life.

As to myself, since chance decrees it to be I who speak at this time, and puts words of such serious import into a mouth of so little authority, let me be permitted to say here and to declare,—I proclaim it from the height of this rostrum,—I believe profoundly in this better world. It is to me more real than this miserable chimera which we devour, and which we call life; it is constantly before my eyes; I believe in it with all the power of my conviction; and after many struggles, many studies, and many proofs, it is the supreme certitude of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.

I wish, then, religious instruction; but the religious instruction of the Church, and not the religious instruction of a party. I wish it to be sincere and not hypocritical. I wish it to have heaven for an end, and not the world. I do not wish one professorship to take the place of another. I do not wish to mingle the priest with the professor; or if I consent to this mingling, I would oversee it, I would open upon the seminaries and the congregations the eye of the State, and, I insist upon it, of the State laical, jealous only for its greatness and its unity.

Till the day,—which I invoke with all my prayers,—in which complete liberty of education shall be proclaimed—and in the beginning I told you upon what conditions,—till that day, I wish the teaching of the Church, within the Church, and not outside of it. Especially do I consider it as a mockery to cause the teaching of the clergy to be watched over in the name of the State, by the clergy. In a word I wish, I repeat it, that which our fathers wished, the Church at home, and the State at home.

The Assembly will already see clearly why I repulse the project of law; but I finish by explaining myself.

Gentleman, as I made known to you in the begining, this project is something more, worse if you will, than a political law, it is a cunning law.

I address myself, not, certainly, to the venerable bishop of Langres, nor to any one who may be in this place, but to the party which has, if not drawn up, at least inspired the project of law,—to this party, at the same time extinct and ardent, to the clerical party. I do not know if it is in the Assembly; but I feel it everywhere. It has a quick ear; it will hear me. I address myself, then, to it, and I say, Hold! frankly, I defy you. To instruct is to construct. I defy that which you construct.

I do not wish to confide to you the teaching of youth, the souls of children, the development of the new intelligence which is opened in life, the mind of new generations, we may say the future of France. I do not wish to confide to you the future of France, because to confide it to you would be to abandon it to you.

It does not satisfy me that new generations succeed us. I understand that they continue us. Therefore I do not wish your hand or your breath upon them. I do not wish that that which has been done by our fathers be defeated by you. After that glory, I do not wish this shame. Your law is a masked law.

It says one thing, and it will do another. It is a design of slavery which takes the charms of liberty. It is a confiscation entitled donation. I do not want it. This is your way. When you forge a chain you say, "Here is liberty!" when you make a proscription, you cry, "Behold an amnesty!"

Ah! I do not confound you with the Church any more than I confound the mistletoe with the oak. You are the parasites of the Church; you are the malady of the Church. Ignatius is the enemy of Jesus. You are not believers, but the disciples of a religion you do not comprehend; you are the getters up in a scene of sanctity. Do not mix up the Church in your affairs, your combinations, your strategems, your ambitions. Do not call her your mother to make of her your servant. Do not torment her under the pretext of teaching her politics; especially do not identify her with you. See the wrong which you do her.

See how she has declined, since she has been in your hands. You make yourselves to be loved so little that you will end by making yourselves hated by her. In truth, I tell you she will easily pass away from you. Leave her in repose. When you shall be there no more, rest will come to her. Leave her, this memorable Church, in her solitude, in her self-denial, in her humility. These compose her grandeur. Her solitude will draw the multitude to her; her self-denial is her power; her humility is her majesty.

You speak of religious teaching. Do you know what is the true religious teaching, that before which we should prostrate ourselves, that which we have no occasion to disturb? It is the sister of Charity at the bed of the dying. It is the brother of Mercy ransoming the slave. It is Vincent de Paul taking care of the foundling. It is the bishop of Marseilles in the midst of the plague-stricken. It is the archbishop of Paris approaching with a smile that formidable *faubourg* St. Antoine, raising his crucifix above the civil war, and little disturbed at meeting his own death, if it only brings peace. Here is true religious teaching, real, profound, efficacious, popular religious teaching, that which, happily for religion and humanity, makes more christians than you make.

Ah, we know you! we know the clerical party. It is an old party; it has some ways of service. This it is which mounts guard at the door of orthodoxy. This it is which has found for the truth those two marvellous conditions, ignorance and error. This it is which forbids to science and to genius, the going beyond the missal, and which wishes to cloister thought in dogma. Every step which the intelligence of Europe has taken, has been in spite of it. Its history is written in the history of human progress, but it is written on the back of the leaf. It is opposed to it all. This it is which caused Prinelli to be scourged for having said that the stars would not fall. This it is which put Campanella seven times to the torture for having affirmed that the number of worlds was infinite, and for having caught a glimpse at the secret of creation. This it is which persecuted Harvey for having proved the circulation of the blood. In the name of Jesus it shut up Galileo. In the name of Saint Paul it imprisoned Christopher Columbus. To discover the law of the heavens was an impiety. To find a world was a heresy. This it is which anathematized Pascal in the name of religion, Montaigne in the name of morality, Moliere in the name both of morality and of religion. Oh! yes, certainly, whoever you may be, who call yourselves the Catholic party and who are the clerical party, we know you. For a long time already the human conscience has revolted against you, and now demands of you, "What is it that you wish of me!" For a long time already you have tried to put a gag on the human intellect.

And you wish to be the masters of education. And there is not a poet, not an author, not a philosopher, not a thinker, that you accept. And all that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined, invented by genius,—the treasure of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common patrimony of knowledge, you reject. If the brain of humanity were here before your eyes, at your disposal, opened like the page of a book, you would make erasures upon it. Confess it!

In short, there is a book, a book which is, from one end to the other, an emanation from above, a book which is for the whole world what the Koran is for Islamism, what the Vedas are for India, a book which contains all human wisdom, illuminated by all divine wisdom, a book which the veneration of the people called *The Book*, the Bible! Well, your censure has reached even there. Unheard of thing! popes have proscribed the Bible! How astonishing to wise spirits, how overpowering to simple hearts, to see the finger of Rome placed upon the book of God!

And you claim again the liberty of teaching. Stop, be sincere, let us understand the liberty which you claim again; it is the liberty of not teaching.

Ah! you wish us to give you people to instruct. Very well. Let us see your pupils. Let us see those you have produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, these two great nations illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them?

I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, whose name no man who thinks can any longer pronounce without an inexpressible filial emotion, Italy, mother of genius and of nations, who has spread over the universe all the most brilliant marvels of poetry and the arts, Italy, who has taught mankind to read, now knows not how to read.

Yes, Italy is, of all the states of Europe, that where the smallest number of natives know how to read.

Spain, magnificently dowered; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arabs her second civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world, America; Spain, thanks to you, thanks to your yoke of stupor, which is a yoke of degradation and of decay, Spain has lost this secret of power which it had from the Romans, this genius of the arts which it had from the Arabs, this world which it had from God, and in exchange for all that you have made it lose, it has received from you the inquisition.

The inquisition, which certain men of the party try to-day to re-establish, with a shameful timidity for which I honor them. The inquisition, which has burned on the funeral pile five millions of men. (Cries of denial.) Read history! The inquisition, which disinterred the dead to burn them as heretics. Witness Urgel and Urnauld, Convent of Forcalquier. The inquisition, which declared the children of heretics even to the second generation infamous and incapable of any public honors, excepting only, (these are the very terms of arrest,) *those who shall have denounced their father*. The inquisition, which, while I speak, holds still, in the papal library, the manuscripts of Galileo, sealed under the papal mark. It is true that, to console Spain, for that which you have taken from it and given to it, you have surnamed it *Catholic*.

Ah, do you know? you have forced from one of its greatest men this painful cry which accuses you "I would rather have her great than catholic."

These are your master-pieces. This fire which we call Italy you have extinguished. This colossus which we call Spain you have undermined. The one is in ashes, the other is in ruins. This is what you have done for two great nations. What do you wish to do for France?

Stop; you come from Rome; I congratulate you. You have had fine success there. You come from gagging the Roman people; now you wish to gag the French people. I understand. This attempt is still more fine, only take care, it is dangerous; the latter is a lion quite alive.

What would you of it, then? I will tell you; you would take from it human reason. Why? Because it brings daylight.

Yes, shall I tell you what you desire? It is that this immense flood of free light which France evolved now for three centuries, light made up of reason, light more shining now than ever, light which makes ours so brilliant a nation, that we perceive the brightness of France on the face of all the people in the universe, this glory of France, this free light, this direct light which does not come from Rome, which comes from God, this is what you wish to extinguish. This is what we wish to preserve.

I repulse your law. I repulse it, because it confiscates primary instruction, because it degrades secondary instruction, because it lowers the level of science, because it belittles my country.

I repulse it, because I am one of those who feel an oppression of the heart every time France suffers by whatever cause,—a diminution, whether it be diminution of territory, as by the treaties of 1815, or a diminution of greatness, as by your law.

Gentlemen, before ending, permit me to address, from this lofty tribune, to the clerical party—the party which encroaches upon us, serious counsel.

It is not skill that it wants. When circumstances aid it, it is strong. It knows the art of keeping a nation in a confused and lamentable state, which is not death, but which is no longer life. It calls this governing.

It is government by lethargy. But let it take care. Nothing like this agrees with France. It is a formidable sport, which allows it to foresee, only to foresee in this France the ideal which it has,—the sacristy sovereign, liberty betrayed, knowledge conquered and bound, books torn, the sermon taking the place of the press, night made in minds by the shade of the cassock, and genius under the discipline of beadles.

It is true, the clerical party is skillful, but this does not prevent it from being simple. What! it fears socialism. What! it sees the wave rise at what it says, and it opposes to it,—to this wave which rises, I know not what barrier of open-work. It sees the wave rise, and it imagines society will be saved because it will have combined to defend it social hypocrisies with material resistances, and because it will have placed a Jesuit everywhere where there is not a *gendarme*. What a pity!

I repeat it, let it take care. The nineteenth century is opposed to it; let it not be obstinate, let it give up lording it over this grand epoch, full of instincts profound and new; if not, it will succeed only in exasperating it; it will develope imprudently the formidable side of our times, and it will raise terrible consequences. Yes, I insist upon it, with this system which has just come out, the education of the sacristy, and the government of the confessional, with these doctrines which an inflexible and fatal logic draws on notwithstanding men themselves, and fruitful with evil, with these doctrines which cause a horror when we look at them in history, yes, with this system, this doctrine, and this history, let the clerical party know it will engender revolutions wherever it shall go. Everywhere, to avoid Torquemada, we shall throw ourselves upon Robespierre. This is what makes of the party which calls itself the Catholic party a serious public danger. And let those think well of it who, like me, fear equally for the nations overwhelming anarchy and sacerdotal sleepiness, and let them utter the cry of alarm in season.

You interrupt me. Cries and murmurs cover my voice. Gentlemen, I speak to you, not as an agitator, but as an honest man. Ah now, gentlemen, shall I be suspected by you, perhaps!

What, I am suspected by you! You say so? Ah well! on this point I must explain myself.—This is in some sort a personal matter. You will hear, I think, an explanation which you have provoked yourselves. Ah, I am suspected by you! And of what! But last year I defended order in danger, as I defend to-day liberty threatened, as I will defend order to-morrow, if danger return then. I am suspected by you. But was I suspected by you when I discharged my mission as representative of Paris in preventing the effusion of blood in the barricades of June!

Ah, well! you do not wish even to hear a voice which resolutely defends liberty. If I am suspected by you, you are also suspected by me.—The country shall judge between us.

Gentlemen, one last word. I am, perhaps, of those who have had the happiness of rendering to the cause of order, in different times, in a recent past, some obscure services. These services may have been forgotten; I do not recall them. But now, at this moment, I have a right to lean upon them.

Well, leaning upon this past, I declare it as my conviction, that what is necessary to France is order, but that living order which is progress; it is the order which results from the healthy, peaceful, natural growth of the people; it is order showing itself both in facts and in ideas by the full shining of national intelligence. It is quite the contrary with your law.

I am one of those who wish for this noble country liberty and not bondage, growth and not degradation, dominion and not servitude, grandeur and not insignificance. What! these are the laws you bring us! What! you governors, you legislators, you will put an end to yourselves!—you will put an end to France! You wish to petrify human thought, stifle the divine flame, materialize the spirit. Do you not see the elements of the times in which you are!—But you are then as strangers in your own country.

What! it is in this century—in this great century of novelties, of discoveries, of conquests, that you meditate immobility. It is in the century of hope, that you proclaim despair. What, you east upon the earth, like men worn out with pain, glory, thought, knowledge, progress, the future, and you say, "It is enough, let us go no further—let us stop." But you do not see that all goes, comes, is moved, is increased, is transformed, is renewed, around you, above you, above you!

Ah, you wish to stop yourselves and to stop us! Ah well! I repeat it with deep grief, I, who hate catastrophes and falls, I inform you,—death in the soul,—you do not wish for progress!—You will have revolutions. To men insane enough to say, "Humanity shall not go forward," God will reply by tremblings of the earth.

Who would not heartily engage in all the exercises of a pious life, be "steadfast, immovable" and always abounding in the work of the Lord," when he sees what dull sensuality, what poor views, what gross enjoyment they are left to, who seek for happiness in other ways!

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit—so, if the youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

In Paed. Lib. III. of Clement, of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is then, (one hundred and fifty years after the apostles,) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved disciple" before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit.

Shepherd of tender youth!
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing word!
Healer of strife!
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace,
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life!

Thou art wisdom's High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on thee in vain.
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever, be thus our guide!
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song!
Jesus! thou Christ of God!
By thy perennial word,
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to thy church belong,
Unite, and swell the song,
To Christ our King.

WONDERFUL RESULTS OF SCIENCE.

In his last lecture at the high school, Professor Agassiz gave an interesting exhibition of his skill in comparative anatomy. Some bones of a remarkable character were recently dug up in Vermont in building the Burlington railroad. These bones were first examined by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Burlington, and supposed to be the remains of a whale. They were found ten or twelve feet below the surface of the earth, in what geologists call the most pliocene strata—that is, the portion of the earth's crust which has been recently deposited. After devoting three days to the examination of these bones, Prof. Agassiz conclusively proved them to be the bones of a species of whale nearly allied to the black fish. The living animal must have been twelve or fifteen feet in length. The whole process of restoring the animal from the bones which were put into the hands of the professor was carefully and minutely explained to the school. To one who has given no attention to the subject of comparative anatomy it may seem impossible that from a few bones, and in some instances from a single bone, entire animals may be restored. Strange as it may seem, it has often been done, and with a degree of accuracy that excites surprise. The fact that it can be done only shows the fixed and invariable character of the Creator's laws.—We give our readers two remarkable instances of Prof. Agassiz' success in this department of scientific effort. At the meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science at Dublin, in 1835, after the professor had entertained the association with an account of his labors, he was asked if he could tell what forms would be found in any strata, though he had seen no species from that strata. He replied that he thought he could. He was then asked what form of fish would be found in the new red sandstone and carboniferous beds. He had never seen any specimens from these beds, but from the knowledge he possessed respecting the forms which were found in other strata, he went to the blackboard and delineated the forms of those species which he supposed would be found in the above named beds. No sooner had he done this than Captain Portlock brought forward some fine fossil specimens from these identical strata. When compared with the figures which the professor had drawn, the coincidence was found to be complete. This exhibition of skill and talent called forth from the most learned and scientific body in Europe the greatest applause and admiration. The problem was one of the most difficult that could have been presented—the solution was as perfect as the problem was difficult.

Some years ago, some single scales of a new species of fossil fish fell into the hands of Professor Agassiz. No individual of the species had ever been seen. From these scales the professor proceeded to restore the fish—he drew out in full, the form of the fish from the scales, as he thought it would be found to be, should the fish itself ever be discovered. Two years after the whole fish was actually found. When compared with the drawing, the drawing was found to be an accurate representation of the fish. These may sound to some like "fish stories," *but they are true*. These things were not done in secret. We have seen the drawing and the fossil, and should be very thankful if we could make as accurate a drawing with the fossil before us. To those who may ridicule or disbelieve what we have stated, we would say in the triumphant language of the professor, respecting his glacial theory, "*come and see*,"—get rid of the testimony of your own eyes if you can. [Cambridge Chronicle.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. President Edwards describes the experience of the love of God in his own soul, in the following delightful strain:

"Once, as I rode out into the woods, for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek the gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour: which kept me the greater part of my time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love—to trust in him, to live upon him, to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have several other times had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effect."

In another place he says: "God, in the communications of the Holy Sprit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being full, sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul; pouring forth itself in sweet communions, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly, diffusing light and life."

INFLUENCE OF FAITH. Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, (by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world,) which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and object of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions. [Coleridge.

JAMES H. PERKINS.

FROM MR. HEYWOOD'S SERMON.

If an intelligent and fair-minded stranger had been present at the services held in this church two Sabbaths since, what would probably have been the impression made upon his mind? We may imagine him to have expressed his feelings in a letter to a distant friend, and perhaps the letter would have been to this effect:

"This morning at the hour of worship, I found myself at the door of a church, belonging, I knew not to what denomination. Yearning for religious sympathy, and feeling that with the congregation, whatever might be its theological views, I could join in worship as a fellow christian, I entered. The minister was already in the pulpit. When he arose to commence the services, my attention was at once arrested. There was somewhat in his countenance and bearing which indicated that he felt and was awed by the nearness and sacredness of the spiritual world. He appeared to me as one whose soul was bowed by the consciousness of standing in the very presence-chamber of God. He asked the congregation to unite with him in prayer. My heart responded to the invitation. I felt that it was no formal service, but the service of genuine, filial devotion, in which we were asked to join. His attitude and tone revealed an humble spirit, a spirit conscious of its liability to error, and of its need of the presence and support of the Divine Being. Never can I forget the impression which his utterance of the word "Father," made upon my heart. He spake it with filial love and reverence, as one to whom the fatherhood of God is the most precious of truths, as one who felt that he could not live without God. His first petition was for forgiveness, and all his petitions seemed to be breathed from the depths of a lowly and conscientious spirit, a spirit which judged itself by no varying human standard, but by the everlasting, unchanging standard of God, and which, from its keenness of perception, and its evident sensitiveness, I should fear might be self-reproachful and distrustful, almost to morbidness.

"Touched and impressed by the devotional exercise which had revealed to me a spirit of uncommon delicacy and purity, I looked forward to the discourse with eager interest, confident that it would disclose an intellect of correspondent beauty. The text chosen for his theme showed that we were not to have a discussion upon any subject of abstract or metaphysical nature, but upon one of altogether a practical character. 'The Claims of the Poor' was the subject which the text introduced. But few words had been uttered before I perceived that the subject, though familiar as household words, was in the hands of one by whom it would be invested with deep interest. The speaker was evidently a thinker; a profound, earnest, fearless, original thinker. His thoughts striking and vigorous, were presented in language of crystal clearness, through which they shone without distortion or exaggeration. He manifested a power of analysis, such as I have never witnessed in the pulpit, by which he was enabled to penetrate, as by intuition, to the very heart of the subject and lay it open to the apprehension even of a child; and though he spoke without notes, there was no indistinctness of thought, no repetition of language. Every thought, fully formed, appeared in its own appropriate place and occupied the most effective position. His discourse was as methodical in its arrangement, as exact in expression, as if it had been most elaborately finished, and yet there was a glow, an unction about it, which indicated the working of mind at the time of utterance, and which showed that it came all fresh and living from the heart.

"While observing and admiring the extraordinary intellectual power of the speaker, one could not but be impressed with his perfect simplicity. He spoke as if utterly unconscious of any thing remarkable either in thought or expression, Self was evidently forgotten. He thought only of his subject and of the poor for whom he plead. And how earnest was his pleading. He spoke, not as one who felt a sentimental interest in the poor, not as one who would speak for them on the Sabbath and forget them on the other days of the week, but as one whose heart bled for them, who had perfect knowledge, from personal observation and familiar intercourse of their sufferings, temptations, and wrongs, and as one who would spare no time, expense, or toil in securing their well-being.

"It was to me a beautiful sight, a sight of moral sublimity, to behold one of such gifted mind consecrating his powers to the promotion of the happiness of his neglected and unfortunate brother man. I know not what may be the theological views of this man; I know not what opinions he may hold in regard to the nature of Christ; but this I do know, that no one could speak for the cause of humanity as he spoke, who did not possess the spirit of Christ, whose heart did not beat in unison with the heart of his Divine Master; and this, too, I know, that one possessed of an intellect of such depth and clearness and of a spirit so lowly and just could never be a sectarian or a bigot."

—— Such, we may imagine, to have been the impressions of a stranger, who two weeks since listened to our departed brother.

. . . . . .

The services of that day, which so strikingly revealed and so perfectly harmonized with the character of the life of our brother, were the last services in which he was to engage in the church below. Before another Sabbath, the earthly labors of the devoted man had ceased; his wearied and over-tasked powers had found rest.

It seems to us a dark and mysterious decree of Providence by which one so gifted, so useful, and so beloved, should be so early and suddenly removed; removed, too, from a world which never had more need of wise, far-seeing minds and generous hearts than at the present time.

It is a mysterious dispensation. But when is death not mysterious? Come when it may and as it may, heralded by long protracted disease, or silently and without warning, its presence is always shrouded in mystery, if not in gloom.

Who has ever beheld the pale messenger enter his home to bear away with him the loved and cherished one, without sadness and awe? Be our faith in immortality strong as it may, and our confidence in the Divine wisdom and goodness undoubting and entire, the change from life to death, from life with its activity and earnestness, its speaking lip and its soul-beaming eye, to death so calm, so solemnly still, is so great, that we cannot view it except in awe. When God sees fit to remove the objects of reverence and love, around whom our heart's tendrils are entwined, we may be resigned to his will as the will of infinite wisdom and more than parental tenderness, and we may feel that for those beloved ones the change from earth's cold and often blighting atmosphere to heaven's genial air is blissful; yet it it were left to us to say when they should depart, O, who could pronounce the farewell word! When, O, when, could we find an hour in which to untwine the tendrils of affection from the dearly beloved and bid them go even to the blessedness of heaven! Never, never; and our Father in mercy spares us that trial. He, who sees the end from the beginning, who knows what is for our good, at the fitting moment, not sooner, not later, sends forth his messenger not in coldness and anger, but in gentleness and love, and bids him bear the loved one home.

Be it ever remembered, that however untimely death may seem to us, it is not untimely to God; and when hereafter, from His point of view, he shall permit us to look down upon the scenes and events of earth, we shall behold all things in perfect harmony. To one standing upon the lofty heights and enjoying the clear vision of heaven, the landscape of earth will present a far different appearance from that which it wears now; and then its gloomy valleys will be found as essential

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Father in heaven! Help us always to bow in childlike faith before thy will, and patiently wait for thine own interpretation of thy works and ways.

We mourn the departure of our friend, because taken in the very prime of life, and while we regarded him as still young. The years of his pilgrimage were indeed few, but if we measure age not by the flight of time, but by growth of mind, by earnestness and vigor of thought, and by active usefulness, few there are, even of those whose heads are white with the snows of age, who have lived as long as he. Think of that wonderful mental discipline by which at any time he could abstract himself from the world, and concentrate all the powers of his mind upon the subject before him, holding it in his firm grasp, and wrestling with it as the patriarch wrestled with the angel, until the blessing asked was obtained, and the subject yielded itself wholly to his power; think of the attainments, rare and varied, with which that discipline caused his mind to be enriched; of the memory, capacious and retentive, which suffered nothing committed to its keeping to be lost; of that spiritual generosity which, instead of hoarding its mental riches with miserly care, scattered them broad-cast to bless whoever they might; of that practical wisdom by which his intellectual treasures, though freely dispensed, were not prodigally wasted, but employed so as to produce thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold of good; think of these things, and tell me where is there one, who though his frame may tremble under the weight of four-score years, has lived longer than he, or borne to the spiritual world greater maturity of mind, or more ripened affections.

But will you say, that his very richness of mind and capacity of usefulness only make our loss the greater? True, I know that the loss is great, unutterably great, to his family, to the wide circle of admiring and loving friends, to the Church, to the whole community; but consider, dear friends, for we must not suffer sorrow to render us selfish, whether the departure of our brother, though a loss to us, is not a gain to him. To him, in the language of the heroic apostle, to live certainly was Christ, for in the spirit of that Master whom he revered, he meekly went about doing good, making his life fragrant with Christ-like benevolence; and may we not confidently trust that to him to die is gain? He no longer suffers from the fearful pains which, from their frequency and severity, at times rendered existence almost a burden; nor from that sadness and despondency consequent upon physical suffering and infirmity, which often covered his firmament with midnight gloom. He is now where the buoyancy of his spirit will be unrepressed, where he will no longer be disheartened by the slow progress of good in its conflict with evil. He is where he will be enabled to see that his earnest efforts, which, sometimes to his self-distrustful soul, seemed almost useless, were never made in vain. He has entered the spiritual realm, not as a stranger, but as one whose singleness and transparency of spirit, whose humility and fidelity, have prepared him to find that world a home. In the clear atmosphere of the Spirit-land things will be seen by him as they are, in essential nature and without disguise; and there he will find a solution of the great problem in which he was deeply interested,—the problem of genuine Christian union. There he will find the true-hearted and the good of every clime and every name, no longer separated by misunderstandings and doctrinal disagreement, but drawn together in oneness of heart, and worshiping God, not as believers merely, but as children and brethren, in that perfect love which casts out fear, and reveals the dread Sovereign as a Father all gracious and benign. Is not our loss our brother's gain? We will not, then, repine; but, though our tears may not cease to fall for ourselves, we will be grateful for his blessedness.

And, dear friends, let us bear in mind, that though removed from sight, our brother is still with us. He is with us in the words of wisdom which he ceaselessly utterd; words which have not vanished into thin air, but in the halls of many a mind are still sounding their clarion-call to earnestness and active usefulness. He is with us in his living thoughts, which fell upon the soil of many a heart, not to wither and die, but to germinate and produce in due time rich harvests of beneficence. He is with us in the lesson of Christian fidelity so nobly taught in his whole-souled consecration to the good of his fellow-beings, of talents and attainments which, had fame been his idol, might have placed his name high upon her star-crowned register in any department of science or literature.

And may he not, though invisible to mortal eye, still be with us personally? He will doubtless continue to feel a deep interest in all that, was dear to him here, and may he not, under God's providence, be the unseen but active agent of good to those whom he loved on earth, and whom he surely will not forget in heaven?

Precious is the faith which unites friends by ties over which death has no power. Precious, invaluable, is the faith which brings the immortal world near to our hearts and our homes.—This faith be ours. Let us with spiritual eye discern the heavenly mansion, and with the Divine aid make admission to its blessedness, the great object of life. With this object before us, life will be intensely interesting. In its duties and labors there will be nothing low or degrading.

> "Some softening gleam of love and prayer
> Will hallow every scene of earthly care."

Life's affections will continually become purer, tenderer, and more soul-satisfying, for you know that

> "O d friends will always dearer be
> As more of heaven in each we see."

Thus life will daily grow more and more beautiful. It will be earnest, serious, spiritual. It will not be haunted by the dreary consciousness of frivolity and uselessness, and every day, faithfully, devoutly lived, will be attended with the sweet assurance that we are one day nearer *home*. And when the day of days shall have come, when for us the Father's mansion shall open its doors, and we shall enter in, and shall hear thrilling words of welcome from the Saviour's lips, and shall see the faces which once gladdened our earthly homes radiant with more than earthly affections, and shall catch the words, whispered in tones of heavenly tenderness, "no more tears nor sighing, no more separation nor death;" O! then how great will be our gratitude and joy, that God enabled us to live for heaven while living on earth. And then, as has been well said, "Oh, the truths we shall know of, the beauty we shall see, and the friends we shall have.—At first, our everlasting life will be like a summer's day, so calm, and beautiful, I and long. But it will prove a day that will last on, and on, and on. And when no night comes, and we do not get weary, and all things keep on brightening about us, as the eyes of our understanding open, then, little by little, we shall begin in awe and wonder to feel what it is to be immortal," and then shall we fully appreciate the earnest words of St. Paul, that "to live is Christ, to die is gain."

GLEANINGS FROM PIOUS AUTHORS.

Let us not fail frequently to reflect upon the greatness and number of our own faults, and the vast need we have of allowance, both from God and man; considering how hard it would go with us, if men could see all the inmost thoughts of our hearts, or know all the secret actions of our lives; and if God was to judge us with severity according to them. Let us first cast the beam out of our own eye, before we pretend to remove the mote from our brother's.

When thou discoverest any faults in others, make the right use of them, which is, to correct and amend the like failures in thyself.

Humility. In the school of Christ, the first lesson of all is self-denial and humility; yea it is written above the door, *as the rule of entry* or admission, "*Learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart.*" And out of all question that is truly the humble heart which has the most of Christ in it.

Efficacy of Prayer in time of Trouble. In all times of doubt, and difficulty, and of trouble, the godly man will turn his back on all worldly counsels and vain helps, and betake himself to prayer; and prayer brings ease and support, and seasonable deliverance. He will, like good Hezekiah, *turn his face toward the wall.*—That prayer ascends *highest* that comes from the *lowest* depths of an humble heart.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, March 16, 1850.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON SLAVERY.

On questions of national expediency or constitutional law we should not venture to enter into any discussion with Mr. Webster. We go to him as pupils to a master to learn the political bearing and relations of political measures. But as responsible conductors of a religious press connected with a most intelligent and influential body of Christians, we must be wholly unfit for our place unless we are competent to speak of the moral character and influence of great public measures. And it is with a keen sensation of sorrow and regret that we look at Mr. Webster's speech from this point of view. We have been educated from childhood to regard him as the great man of the nation. We have been accustomed to find in his speeches expressions of patriotism and of a burning enthusiasm for liberty, which are strengthened rather than impaired by the qualifications suggested by a broad, far-seeing political wisdom. We have followed him in his public course through all changes of political fortune with a pride and confidence such as we have had in no other man. When his adherence to an unworthy administration brought down upon him the fierce denunciations of his party, we saw in all this an evidence of his independence, his superiority to party discipline, and his devotion to the great interests of the country. If he has sometimes been silent when we could have wished to hear his voice, we were inclined to think that he knew best the power of silence as well as the power of speech. In the volumes which contain what he has said on the most important public occasions through a period of nearly forty years, there is, it has seemed to us, nothing which can hereafter sully the fame of a sincere and enlightened Christian statesman. He has spoken of the principles of Christianity as the basis of all true legislation; and in the last of his speeches before leaving home he spoke as no one but he can speak, of the roused moral sentiment of the world—a power mightier than despotisms.

But in his speech of last week on the great moral question of the age, we miss the decided recognition of its moral character which Mr. W.'s previous speeches would lead us to expect; and, as if it were purely a matter of political expediency, he even goes so far as to advocate a law which must come directly in conflict with the moral convictions of the great body of the people in the free States. We at the North believe that slavery is morally wrong. We could not, unless for the purpose of setting him free, or under some overpowering necessity, hold a slave without violating our convictions of moral and religious duty. This is the deeply fixed moral sentiment of the great mass of intelligent and conscientious men throughout the free States. Now it is not right, and no legal enactments can make it right, to aid another in doing that which it is wrong for us to do. If it is wrong for us to lie, or steal, or murder for our own benefit, it is wrong for us to help another to lie, or steal, or murder for his benefit. Here is a position in morals which can admit of no dispute. If then we cannot, without violating our moral convictions, hold slaves ourselves, we cannot, without doing equal violence to our moral convictions, take active measures to assist others to hold them. But because we at the North cannot violate our convictions of moral obligation by doing for others that which we cannot do for ourselves, Mr. Webster says, that here is "a ground of complaint," "which calls for the enactment of proper laws, authorizing the judicature of this Government, in the several States, to do all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and for the restoration of them to those who claim them." And accordingly he pledges himself to support a bill, "with all its provisions to the fullest extent," which would oblige us in the face of our deepest moral convictions, not only to refuse to harbor for a night the trembling fugitive from bondage who seeks shelter beneath our roof, but which would make it our duty as good citizens to give him up and send him back to the whip and chain.

It is a perilous thing to bring the laws of man into conflict with what the purest and most enlightened members of a community regard as the laws of God. No despotism has ever been able long to survive such an experiment. In a free country the government which shall attempt it, will find its laws trampled upon with a degree of moral indignation and horror proportioned to the respect with which they have been accustomed to regard them. If Kossuth and the noble Hungarian exiles whose cause Mr. Webster has so grandly advocated, should seek shelter here in Massachusetts, and our government in an hour of madness should pass a law to give them back to the Austrian hangman, with the allegation against them of no crime but too great a love of freedom, would Mr. Webster be ready to do all in his power to surrender them? Would he not recognise a law of God, a law of justice, of humanity, of freedom, stronger than any law which man in his weakness or malignity could set up against it? While the fame of those exiles in the cause of liberty is awakening a tone of enthusiasm throughout the land, could the government, passing such a law, expect to find it enforced by the people or treated in any other way than with abhorrence or contempt! For ourselves, we are, in the strongest sense of the word, conservative in regard to our laws and public institutions; but we would as soon give up Louis Kossuth to a merciless despotism as Frederic Douglass or Father Henson or the meanest of their brethren. No laws of man could make us contemplate the possibility of being obliged to send back any one to slavery without a feeling of repugnance and horror, such as we can find no language to describe. We could not sleep in peace after being accessary to such an act. And yet this is the result which Mr. Webster's speech and the law that he advocates, would bring about. We cannot express the feelings of sorrow and astonishment with which we have read his declaration in this matter.

But what is to be done! Must we not fulfil the conditions of the constitution? To this we reply, that we are ready to fulfil them *according to the provisions in the constitution*. If these provisions are inoperative, it is a misfortune to those for whose benefit they were made,—a misfortune arising out of a state of things which neither of the parties to the agreement contemplated at the time, and which therefore neither party is bound to make up for to the other, in order to prove its good faith in the transaction. No fraud has been practiced upon the South. Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution a change of moral feeling in regard to slavery,—a change which we can no more control than we can control the laws of the physical universe—has come over us in common with most enlightened Christian nations; and in consequence of this change the provisions of the constitution are not sufficient to answer the end for which they were designed. And no other provisions that can be devised will be sufficient. In this particular Mr. Calhoun is right. "It is impossible to execute any law of Congress until the people shall co-operate." Are we then wanting in good faith to the people of the South, because, while we allow them to use all the provisions made by the constitution, they cannot thereby secure their object! If two parties agree not only upon particular ends, but upon the means of securing those ends, and if without their intentional agency great changes in society occur which render those means entirely insufficent so far as relates to the interest of one of the parties, the other party certainly is not in equity responsible for that result, or bound to make it up by sacrifices which had not entered the mind of either party at the time the agreement was made. Each party to every agreement or compact extending through a series of years must run risks of this kind for which the other party is not accountable. As an act of good faith, therefore, we are not bound to go beyond the articles of the constitution in order to redeem our pledge in this matter. If it were only a pecuniary transaction, we might believe it generous or expedient, but not our duty to go beyond what under our laws is specifically required by the constitution.

What then shall we say of the case before us, where, in order to carry out these romantic ideas of conventional obligation, we are obliged to sacrifice our most sacred sentiments of humanity, of religious accountability and moral obligation! Suppose that by the terms of the constitution we had agreed, on application from the master, to hang every fugitive slave found within our borders,—must not the conviction and execution of the slave be according to the forms of law? And if according to the forms of law the master can get no one to carry out his purpose, are we, the citizens of the free States, bound to offer our services as slave-hunters and hangmen, and shall our Senators and members of Congress advocate the passage of more severe laws in order to compel us to hunt down and kill the poor fugitive that flees to us from an unholy oppression? And as our moral repugnance grows stronger, shall our agents in Washington devise still more stringent laws in order by their violence to beat down the strength of our moral convictions and force us to become the agents of a crime which we loathe and abhor? This is really the position of the question now before Congress in regard to giving up fugitive slaves, and this, we are reluctantly obliged to say, is the course advocated by Mr. Webster,—a course allowed, but not required by the constitution, and unspeakably repugnant to our moral feelings. It is not safe for any man or any body of men to force upon us such a law. So far as it prevails it will corrupt our morals; where it does not prevail, they who suffer in resisting it will be looked upon as martyrs; the moral indignation of the community will be roused as it seldom is by any act of legislation; the whole moral power of the free States will be arrayed against it; and it will be trampled upon by the most enlightened, and conscientious, of our citizens as an unjust and unholy thing.

It is, we repeat, a perilous act so to legislate, that the laws of a powerful, intelligent and moral people shall be on one side, and their deliberate religious convictions of duty on the other. Nothing can do so much to break down all respect for law, and undermine the authority of government. The statesman who overlooks this fact, leaves out of sight a consideration which it is fatal to neglect. We owe allegiance to the constitution and laws of the State, subject to the higher allegiance which we owe to the constitution and laws of the United States; and we owe allegiance to the constitution and laws of the United States, subject to the still higher allegiance which we owe to the laws of God; and to neglect the last of these is to neglect that which must have an authoritative and controlling influence over the whole, and which, above all the rest, is binding upon the conscience of legislators and individuals.

THE BITTERNESS AND THE BALM OF GRIEF.

It is a sad thing to look upon human affliction—to see those who meet around a dying bed and to hear their suppressed sighs, the dropping tears, and the low and tender voices. It is a sad sight to see the company of kindred,—it may be of children and parents, and wife or husband,—who have followed some dear friend to the open gates of the eternal world, and who look and speak their last farewells, while he passes on, alone, into the dark mystery beyond.

But there is a sadder spectacle than this. It is the sight of men passing through the valley of affliction without profit. This is quite possible. Affliction is not necessarily a good. It may be so met as to harden, instead of softening, the heart. When one strives to exclude the thought of the sorrow, and seeks solace in forgetfulness and insensibility, or meets it murmuringly, as if the visitation of Providence were a persecution and a wrong, he excludes from himself all the good influences of trial The heart with this temper, when immersed in the waters of sorrow, is in danger of becoming stone. And sure there can be no more mournful calamity than that which befalls him, who makes the loss of some object of affection, the occasion of sacrificing, in addition, the affections themselves.

No affliction ever leaves one as it found him. It ploughs open the heart, and if into the furrows are not cast the seeds of a divine faith, the mere turning up the furrows changes the fruitful field into dust and a sandy desert. No matter what it may be, if a great sorrow leaves one without benefiting him, it will certainly harm him.

And happily, the natural and first influence o affliction is almost always good. It softens the heart; it cools down worldly passions; it makes us more ready to excuse the infirmities of others. While the heart is softened by the overflowings of tender love, the natural tendency of it is to purify and quicken our affections for remaining friends, and to extend our regard with a deeper interest to all human beings. Then one is made conscious of the preciousness of the soul and the claims of all hearts on his benevolent sympathies. Nothing brings one so near to God and the spiritual world as affliction. It makes us feel that the things which are seen are temporal, and that the affections—themselves immortal—must have immortal objects and take hold of what is immortal in those dear to us.—When He who gave takes away,—when God sets up His throne and altar of sacrifice in our dwellings, we acknowledge His presence and how dependent we are on Him.

Doubtless the tendency of affliction is to dispose a right-minded person to religion. To the parent who has lost a child, that Being seems very near, who now watches over those little ones in heaven, whom he formerly blest on the earth. And the bereaved and orphan child can hardly help looking up to the heavenly Parent, who has taught us that He is the widow's God and the Father of the Fatherless.

But this is only a tendency and not a result.—In order that affliction may bear its intended fruit, its spiritual impressions must leave behind them a permanent and abiding faith. Its hallowed feelings must ripen into hallowed purposes.—Its sobered views of life must produce a sobered practice of living. The loss of earthly treasures must give birth to a more serious estimate of the value of eternal and spiritual realities; and the departure of those whom we love must draw us towards that world to which they have gone.

We pray that our afflictions may be sanctified to us. They are sanctified, then and then only, when yielding to the better impressions of the time, our minds become more believing, our hearts more trusting, our wills more submissive and obedient. It is when we touch the altar, that light and strength come from heaven.

You look around for some one to speak words of comfort to you in your sorrow. To whom shall you go? We answer, go and go believingly to Jesus Christ. To every home of affliction, if its doors are open to Him, even as to Martha and Mary, Jesus comes as the Consoler. His words contain all that is of value to you. Time may wear away the clinging grief, occupation may shut it out of the mind, philosophy may harden one against it, and friends may utter grateful words of sympathy; but when the wounds are open and the heart is bleeding, Christ is the only Consoler. He alone has known how to soothe the sorrow, without deadening the affections. He does not take the cloud out of the sky, but He puts a rainbow into the cloud. He "has the words of eternal life." He not only draws aside the veil from the heavens, but puts into the mourning heart, those thoughts, and hopes, and encouragements, which awaken its holiest affections, and dispose the mind to look upward to that better world which is revealed.—He discloses the life which is beyond the grave, and what is far more than this, He awakens a spiritual life and faith in the souls of those who stands on this side the grave. And it is in this awakening within us of the spiritual life, and not merely in the disclosure of outward facts, that we are to find the highest benefit and consolation of affliction.

Taught by Jesus, the Christian will not mourn as those who are without hope. He shall not fear to commit those dear to him to the heavenly Father. He may mourn for their loss as much as ever, but it will not be all mourning. There are joys and there are hopes mingled with the deepest griefs. From the depths of his sorrow, he looks up and beholds the everlasting stars—the promise and the pledge of God's love. Not less than of old to the widow of Nain and to the sisters of Lazarus, Jesus is still the Comforter.

ALL DAYS ALIKE.

This is the text of a great deal of idle declamation against sabbatical institutions. We know not why the same war-cry should not be raised against certain venerable institutions of the domestic economy. Cleanliness is the duty of every day,—how absurd then the old superstition, which insists on confining the family washing to Monday. Shirt-collars are worn every day,—how foolish to have them all ironed and starched on Tuesday! Bread is the staff of daily life; how preposterous then the adherence of many old families of the Puritan stock to the tradition of the elders which prescribed a weekly baking day! In the well-ordered family, all days are alike as to the pervading spirit of contentment, harmony and thrift; and nothing tends more essentially to make them so, than the assigning to fixed seasons the performance of certain operations, the results of which are constantly needed. To the Christian all days are alike as to the spirit of devotion; if for a large part of the time he is so occupied that there is a perpetual intrusion of secular interests and cares, and a strong strain upon principle and faith, with no prolonged periods for self-communion, prayer and the study of the divine word, it can hardly be that he shall not need peculiar seasons at frequent intervals for the renewal of his vows of duty, his self-comparison with the divine standard, his retired and self-collected survey of the past with its failures and errors, and the future with its claims and responsibilities.

In the outward universe, for whatever is liable to be wasted, God has ordained special places and seasons of supply. The evaporation of the ocean is not insensibly replaced by chemical action in its bed; but, high up among the mountains, the showers descend, tumble in torrents, glide in streams, widen into rivers, and roll tranquilly on into the ocean. Thus do our Sabbath assemblies and communings rise far above the level of weekly conflict and care, into regions, where, though the sun always shines, showers of refreshing ever fall from the cloud of the divine presence. The springs of faith and holy motive, which may have dwindled under the parching heat of the working day world, are thus filled up again in the heart of the true worshipper, and he goes forth to renewed toil and strife with a more fervent devotion to God and a more genial love for man. How dull, dreary, desolate would be the field of labor and competition, did not these blessed hill-tops rise so frequent on our way! A world without a Sabbath—who would have inward resources, self-sustaining piety sufficient to make it other than a world without a God! Let us make all days alike,—the nearer so the better. But, if we level, let us level upward. Let us fill in the valleys, not cut down the hill-tops. Let us create table land, not marsh; for such a bog as the levellers downward would make, no power, short of Omnipotence crushing human freedom out of being, could dike or drain.

DR. CHALMERS.

From Crocker & Brewster, we have received the Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in law, Dr. Hanna, vol 1. From the press of the Harpers.

The condemnation often passed on minute and voluminous biographies needs qualification. A man may have been great in the field or in the senate, and have led a highly diversified and eventful life, and yet, if external incidents are all that can be put on record, his biographer deserves the emphatic thanks of the reading public for every virtue of omission, and every heroic act of compression. But not so, when the mind is the man, and when he has carefully marked for no eye but his own the successive stages of his inward experience. A soul's life, however detailed, is always interesting and impressive. Its prolixity does not repel us, nor do its repetitions weary us. Dr. Hanna is making Chalmers for the most part his own biographer, and is giving us his mental and spiritual history. We have read this volume with profound interest, and are earnestly awaiting the appearance of the remaining two.

The most interesting portion of this volume is the narrative of Dr. Chalmers' *conversion* after he had been a preacher for several years. This has often been represented as the result of a decided change in his religious opinions. We find no reason to believe that this was the case. It would seem that, prior to the period referred to, he was in no proper sense of the word a religious man. Ardently attached to science, pure in his moral character, and endowed with many social virtues, he evidently had no settled seriousness of character,—no self-appropriating faith in the doctrines of the gospel. His manners betrayed a great deal of levity, and he shunned so far as was possible, all associations of a distinctively religious stamp. During his absences from his parish, we remark an entire disregard of the proprieties of the Sabbath, and a frequent needless neglect of the institution of public worship. In his first publication, he professed a pitifully low standard of clerical duty, and stated that the essential claims of a large parish might, (as he knew from his own experience,) be faithfully met, and yet the incumbent have five days in the week which might be wholly devoted to scientific pursuits. In fine, he was just such a worldly, ambitious young man, as, except under the mask of hypocrisy, could enter the service of none but an established church, whose patronage was independent of the votes of the worshippers. We have in his early years a fair sample of the Scotch clergy of the Moderatist school, which consisted not so much of latitudinarian believers, as of latitudinarian livers,—men promoted to their livings by university or individual presentation, and regarding their positions in the church as literary sinecures. They assented in form to the Presbyterian confession of faith; and perhaps one reason of their generally non-religious characters was that they gravitated strongly in opinion towards Arminian sentiments, and yet knew that they could not become sincere and zealous Christians of the Arminian school, without forfeiting, at least in the court of conscience, their foothold in the national church. They preferred, therefore, remaining at that safe distance from practical Christianity, at which they could not cordially disbelieve a creed to which they were bound nominally to conform; and their doctrinal discourses were rather vague declamations against earnest and serious views of religion, than expositions of any belief of their own. It was in this state of mind, with no theological education worthy of the name, and with no hearty faith in anything beyond the external evidences of Christianity, (for the argument from experience he then scouted,) that Dr. Chalmers was arrested by a long and dangerous sickness, and, during his convalescence led to still more pungent religious convictions, and to a more definite faith by the perusal of Wilberforce's Practical View. It is unjust, therefore, to assert that he had tried the practical resources of any other system than Calvinism. He had never denied the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, but had only parried in thought and in the pulpit, its home-thrusts upon an unconsecrated life. Prior to the great change, no body of serious Christians would have acknowledged him as a devout member of their communion. He first became in heart and purpose a Christian under Calvinistic auspices.

The change was great and striking, reminding us in many respects of the conversion of St. Paul. Undeterred by false shame, he devoted himself with the utmost ardor, to repairing the waste of his former negligence and indifference. He soon discovered that devotion to science was inconsistent with his professional duties, and made a sacrifice of some of his most cherished tastes to his new views of ministerial fidelity. He entered with the most loving assiduity into the details of parochial service, and became a diligent preacher of the word from house to house. His public ministrations had a vitality and power unknown before, and from a thin and listless congregation, his auditory became crowded with souls hungering for the bread of life. Meanwhile he was resolutely engaged in the work of self-discipline, and his diary bears ample testimony to a constantly increasing nearness of communion with the spiritual world.

Dr. Chalmers' conversion particularly resembled St. Paul's in the intense stress, which it led him at once to lay on the question, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to *do?*" Not that this question ever remains unasked by the sincere Christian. But in the blossoming of newborn faith and piety, the emotional life is prone to draw away attention from the external, and the earnestness and anxiety of self-questioning to postpone the season of minute and searching inquiry into the outward demands of Christian duty. Dr. Chalmers seems sometimes to have doubted even the genuineness of his Christian estate, because he had experienced so little of the agony of contrition, through which alone, it is commonly imagined one can enter the kingdom of heaven. Without repentance pungent and thorough, it cannot indeed be entered; but there is sometimes, as in his case, an athletic energy by which the soul acts out its contrition so rapidly as to be hardly conscious of its intensity,—repents with the will so heartily that the consenting voice of the emotional nature is merged in the trumpet call of duty. But he was very far from attaching a primary or independent value to external obedience. The fundamental doctrine with him was justification by faith; but he regarded growth in practical godliness as the unfailing consequence, and therefore the essential sign of justifying faith. He was fond, too, of representing the anxious, diligent discharge of duty as the surest means both of awakening and strengthening genuine faith. The burden of much of his preaching and religious correspondence was: "*Do, that you may know.* Perform always the duty that lies nearest, and you are in the most hopeful attitude for the reception of that realizing faith, which is the gift of God through Christ." His favorite text was: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Miss Bremer and the Warren-street Chapel. It may or may not be known to the majority of your readers, that the Warren-street chapel is one of the foci of the influence and efforts of the Unitarian "ministry at large" in this city. With much that is commendable in the charitable instructions which it communicates to the children of the poor, it is nevertheless one of the most "liberally" and intensely sectarian spots in this metropolis. The plan of its conductors seems to be to draw in as many children as possible, to bind them together, and center their affections there, by a profusion of such schemes and sports as children love, and then to indoctrinate them theoretically and practically in such notions of the Sabbath and the Bible, and of life and character, that whatever they may afterward become, it will be very certain that they will *not* easily become evangelical in their belief and life. The exercises of a recent Sabbath afternoon at this chapel, as reported in some of the daily papers, will illustrate the peculiar facility with which its reverend managers seize hold of any passing excitement in order to degrade the Sabbath, and dilute the moral sense of the tender minds they have undertaken to influence.

The above, from the Boston Correspondent of the New York Independent, deserves a moment's attention. Mr. Barnard's school is composed of some six hundred children, drawn, most of them, from the wretched abodes of poverty, ignorance and vice. Of more than six thousand children who have been received there, very few have fallen away from their integrity. They have not been taken from other churches; but most of them from the streets and lanes and crowded hovels, where the regular ministration of the sanctuary could not reach them, and where, but for the Warren-street Chapel, they would be left till ripe for our prisons. Mr. Barnard has a remarkable faculty for influencing them,—of entertaining them while instilling into their minds enough of religious instruction to save them from vice, and prepare them to lead virtuous and respectable lives. If our Orthodox friends can do anything better, let them do it; but until they have something better to offer to these poor children, let them be thankful that even so much is done for them. For ourselves, though in point of taste we might object to some things in the Warren-street Chapel, we have often thought that Mr. Barnard for the last fifteen years has probably rescued more human beings from inevitable ruin than any other minister in Boston, and we should rejoice, if in going out of the world, we could feel that our lives have been half as usefully spent in our Master's service as his.

VICTOR HUGO'S SPEECH.

We have prepared for the outside of the present No. of our paper, a translation of the Speech of Victor Hugo before the Assembly of France, at the session of the fifteenth of January. It is to be remembered that the project of law that it discusses so ably and eloquently, had been originally introduced by M. de Falloux, and contemplated the regulation of primary instruction by the Catholic Clergy. Even the organ of the Clerical party, *L'ami de la Religion*, confesses that it would virtually sacrifice the university, with its laical influence, to the small seminary, superintended by the priesthood. Considering the audience, and the occasion, the speech must be regarded as equally remarkable for its boldness and its power. It produced an excitement that may be called intense, even for a French Assembly. The speaker was repeatedly interrupted by the cries of the opposing party, as well as by the applause of his friends. Some occasional rejoinders and interlocutory remarks, growing out of this cause, we have omitted. Otherwise we give the performance entire. In a few instances, there are allusions to these demonstrations in the translation, which the reader will understand. M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, and M. Parisis, Bishop of Langres, preceded Victor Hugo. He was followed by M. de Montalembert, whose reply we may perhaps give next week.

It is well known that this splendid attack of Victor Hugo on the Romish Church has been suppressed,—as far as the prohibition of its circulation can suppress it, by the Government—a significant circumstance in several respects, and showing the weakness of the Catholic cause, as well as the tendencies of the Republic.

Common Schools of the City. The Rev. Mr. Brooks has written a letter to the Mayor, which contains a plan for the organization of the Schools of the City. The present system is called the "double-headed system," because it allows of two head masters—two sovereigns of equal power—over each school. The inconveniences of this arrangement are obvious to all. Mr. Brooks proposes to place all the children of each grammar school in a regularly ascending series, beginning with the youngest and ending with the oldest and most intelligent. Each class in the series will consist of fifty pupils and have a teacher for itself. The text books are to be adapted to the age and capacity of the different classes. The younger classes will be taught by female instructers, and the older by males. Over the whole school, containing five hundred scholars, there will be *one* master, whose power is undivided. The head master is to have a general superintendence of the whole school—pupils and teachers—and give instruction to every class, as circumstances dictate. The advantages of this system are not only *unity*, but more thorough instruction, combined with economy. This plan is as follows;

20 Head Masters, salary each . . .	$1500	$30,000
20 Sub Masters " "	1000	20,000
2 Head Assistants, (female,)	500	10,000
115 Female Assistants	300	34,500
175 Teachers—annual cost		$94,500

The city pays at present $101,800, being $7,300 more than is requisite. Mr. Brooks also strongly recommends the appointment of a superintendent, who shall hold frequent examinations, deliver lectures, and devote his whole time to the improvement of the school. He should be *ex officio* a member of the school committee, but have no power, besides that of friendly consultation and advice, over either teachers or pupils. The subject of our schools is one of vital importance to the community, and we hope that the plan of Mr. Brooks will receive the serious consideration of our city government.

Rev. Dr. Frothingham. For thirty-five years this learned and eloquent preacher has ministered acceptably to the First Church in Boston. His health has compelled him to ask a dismission; and last Sunday he preached his farewell sermon from these words,—"*Finally, brethren, farewell. Be of good comfort; be of one mind.*" We understand that the society has asked a copy of the sermon for publication. We trust it will be given. Then we can report of it to our readers.

We learn from various quarters, that this misapprehension exists respecting the contributions to the permanent fund for the relief of aged, necessitous and disabled Clergymen,—namely, that subscriptions or contributions made now are *to be continued*. This is not so.

We wish to raise a fund, the interest only of which can be spent for the relief of Destitute Clergymen of our denomination. We are rejoiced to see so many churches beginning the necessary work by having contributions, and by making their Ministers "Life Directors" and "Life Members."

Mr. Charles Bowen, of the Senior Class of the Divinity School in Cambridge, has been delivering, this winter, in the Unirarian Church in Charleston, S. C. a series of doctrinal and practical discourses, which have produced a highly favorable impression on audiences, composed of worshippers at the church, and other inhabitants of the city.

Bath, Me. A fair is to be held in that city next Tuesday evening to aid in the erection of an Unitarian Church. The friends of the cause, who are neither numerous nor wealthy, would be very thankful for any aid from this quarter, in the shape of manufactured articles or otherwise. Any thing for their good may be directed to J. S. Sewall, Esq.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY, BALTIMORE.

We wonder more has not been said of this lovely and hallowed spot, so convenient to the centre of a growing city and so handy to a large quarry of elegant marble. It has an exquisite country view, some very fine monuments, a very cheerful tone and an amazing variety of decorations. The tombs with lattice-work doors seemed a relief to me from the dungeon-like air of the vaults at Mount Auburn: one in particular was very airy, having its entire front of graceful-wrought wire-work. Another was very fanciful; over it was carved "Memento mori," and upon the door "Pavilion of Death:" within I found four full-length figures and numberless inscriptions of a cheerful, admonitory, hopeful character, from Scripture or in Latin, besides vases and urns: here the solitary old man spends much of every day, apparently enjoying the scene and his work,—another "Old Mortality." An engineer, by the name of Watchman, has anticipated the verdict of posterity and erected an iron monument to himself, while in perfect health, with this inscription, "what need the pen rehearse a life well spent? A man's good deeds are his best monument." And underneath his name appears his wife's, with these original lines,

> "Like a bud nipped off the tree,
> So death has parted you and me."

The sixty-two acres in general need a vast deal more shade; the deserted family-mansion ought to be converted into a neat chapel; the rabbit-cage seemed out of keeping: the roads were not so firm as nine year's use should have made them—and yet there was something very cheery and light-hearted about the spot, attractions which would often entice me there on a warm day, and beguile many a listless, or cheer a melancholy mood.

One very elegant piece of carving seemed to me unfortunate in its subject; it was a shrouded bier. Another, a young mother with wings spread and uplifted hands, was so coarsely carved as to excite any feelings but admiration. Another, of the height of the "Exploring Expedition" monument at Mount Auburn, was made of different colored stones, in good proportion, massive and lofty, and seemed rather beautiful.—There were none of the dark freestone tablets which are adding so much grace to the cemeteries of the North—there were a few of a yellow sandstone; but the marble was uncommonly fine and the iron-work very various and often handsome: and I came away feeling that we might learn much from "Green Mount" as well as Green Mount of us.

February 22. A fitting day to visit Mount Vernon and a more pleasant visit than any one had prophesied. Leaving the gardeners trimming the shade-trees at Washington, a pleasant steamboat-sail of three quarters of an hour landed us at Alexandria, half way towards the hallowed tomb of the "Father of his country." Nine miles of rough and heavy road, part of them through what was once the "grounds" belonging to the seat, led straightway to the tomb upon the borders of the Potomac, facing its bending waters. Far less of dilapidation was witnessed than had been promised: a few out-houses had gone to decay, the slave's huts were miserable enough as everywhere else, but the simple brick vault covering the grave, containing within its iron gates two large sarcophagi, was perfect as ever: the grove around relieved the *structure* of its forlorn nakedness, and the *graceful waters* in front lent a charm to the scene. The house, into three apartments of which we were admitted, seemed very comfortable and pleasant: its dining hall, carpeted with oil-cloth and arched with an ornamental ceiling, is a spacious apartment, and contains a very richly wrought marble mantel, presented to Washington by a Philadelphian, and his book-case, besides some ancient furniture. In the hall hangs the key of the Bastile presented by Lafayette, and opposite to it Washington's own spy-glass. The front of the house, which would be recognized at once from the many engravings in circulation, commanded an extended view of the Potomac, and vindicates even in its neglected state the selection of the place as a residence by Washington. The garden and grounds remain just as laid out by him, except that owing to the limited means of the proprietor or his resolute purpose of making Congress purchase the property, the roads are very rough and the ground obstructed by underbrush. The summer-house at a projecting corner in front of the house affords an unequalled river-view, but will soon be unapproachable, as the deep ice house beneath is absorbing the soil around it and might perhaps render up its victim only as the sea will give up its dead. The rear of the house was remarkably pleasant, presenting with its connected buildings a semi-circle towards a small enclosed green of corresponding shape.

Near Mount Vernon and half the way to Alexandria an unbroken solitude reigns; by this very thing making this resting-place of the "noblest Roman of them all" peculiarly solemn and imposing. We should not like to see a Brighton or a Lowell close by.

P. S. The statement regarding the Baltimore Jail in my last letter was that it was nearly half a century old: and of course, I regarded the Baltimore-sermon as drawing the lines not "the wires."

Libraries. By the last Report of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, we learn that in comparing our libraries with the principal countries of the old world, the United States fall *behind all but* Russia and Spain, in the proportion of books to population.

Second, that in regard to the largest library we come at the foot of the ladder. France possesses one collection of eight hundred thousand volumes.

Third, that in average size of libraries exceeding ten thousand volumes we fall behind all.

Fourth, that in the aggregate number of volumes in our public libraries, Germany, France, Great Britain and Russia rank before us.

But, in the number of public libraries, only France takes the lead of us; and I venture to say our book shelves contain far less dead lumber, and are very much more resorted to, and by more inquisitive minds even than in France. H.

Westboro'. Rev. Mr. Moseley is about to enter upon an engagement with the new Society at Westboro', for a limited period. We are gratified to know that our friends there have reason to be encouraged by their success hitherto; the Church is well-filled from Sunday to Sunday, a Sabbath School is conducted with a good deal of interest; and with the help of an experienced Pastor we cannot doubt that a strong and self-sustaining Church may be gathered.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MODERN LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN: being a Second Gallery of Literary Portraits: by George Gilfillan. In two Parts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

We have been in search of a single epithet to characterise Mr. Gilfillan by, and we have decided that he is to be appropriately designated as smart. Smart is the word. Mr. Gilfillan is decidedly smart. Superadded to all the disinterested motives that usually actuate authors, he has two apparent objects that run through all his productions, and are never absent from his hours of composition. One is to notify the public that Rev. George Gilfillan is a brilliant writer. He wishes to have it generally understood that if he has not "slept with John Tyler," he has at least breakfasted with Coleridge. And if he has not produced any profound or original work, he has tried very hard to be profound, and has made many original comparisons.

Do we imply, then, that he is not a brilliant writer? On the contrary we think he is. And if the reader will discriminate precisely between a brilliant writer and a great writer, he will probably assign to this author his proper rank in the literary world. He is entertaining, lively, sometimes critical, and occasionally awakens something like admiration. For those that are not very busily employed indeed, he is well worth reading. He abounds both in conceit and in conceits. His preface alone contains egotism enough to ruin a man of ordinary talents; and any one of his reviews or sketches exhibits imagery enough to last Hawthorne five years, or Whewell for life. More than ordinary talent Mr. G. unquestionably possesses. But would he not consider this faint praise? Let him comfort himself out of the large resources of his own complacency. He has written, in these volumes, about Milton, Byron, Crabbe, Foster, Hood, Macaulay, Croly, Bulwer, Emerson, Dawson, Tennyson, Nichol, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Shelley, Cobbett, Montgomery. (not "Satan" M.) Sydney Smith, Anderson, Hunt, Moore, Isaac Taylor, Longfellow, Bailey, and Sterling.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: by Edward Gibbon, Esq., with Notes by Rev H. H. Milman. A new Edition; to which is added, a Complete Index of the whole Work. In six vols. Vol. I. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

A newspaper notice of Gibbon at this day should be classed among works of supererogation. Equally superfluous would it be to inform the public of the service done by Mr. Milman to the cause of Letters and Christianity in editing this masterly production of learning and genius. He has added to his own the valuable Notes of Guizot; and the History is now given to the world in perhaps as perfect a form as it can ever be expected to wear. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. issue this edition with a commendable attention to neatness, compactness, and cheapness, and thus afford a new evidence of their growing enterprise and prosperity as publishers.

MR. CURTIS'S LECTURE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

We have received from Ticknor & Co. this sound, well-written, and beautifully printed Lecture, and hope hereafter to transfer some parts of it to our columns. Our allegiance to the Constitution of the United States is second only to that which we owe to the law of God, and we rejoice in every wise effort to awaken the admiration and respect of our citizens for it.

THE BANKERS' MAGAZINE. March, 1850. Published monthly.

This number, besides much other valuable matter, contains a long and elaborate article in defence of Usury Laws, by John Whipple, of Providence, R. I. Those wishing to subscribe to this work, may do it at Crosby & Nichols's, Washington street.

NEW AND IMPROVED POUDRETTE OF THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY. 1850.

This pamphlet contains a great deal of information interesting and useful to cultivators of the soil, including the methods of preparing this manure pursued at Lodi, and certificates in abundance to the value of their manufacture.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, Nos 10 and 11. "Merchant of Venice," and "As you like it." With engravings of Portia and Rosalind. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

Bidwell's Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature for March, like all the numbers of this excellent Magazine, is full of interesting and valuable matter.

NEW ENGLAND RAIL ROAD GUIDE, Vol. 1. No. 19; published by Geo. R. Holbrook. Boston.

MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE. Freeman Hunt. March, 1850. At Crosby & Nichols's.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Immediately after the defeat of Mr. Root's Resolution on the Wilmot Proviso, Mr. Giddings moved the adoption of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, as the basis of settling the the territorial question. He presented the following preamble and resolution—

Whereas, We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by the Creator with the inalienable right to life and liberty; and that Governments are constituted for the purpose of maintaining these rights. Therefore

Resolved, That in constituting Governments in any Territory, it is the duty of Congress to secure to all the people thereof, of whatever complexion, the enjoyment of the rights aforesaid.

This was voted down by the House, 104 to 89! The following enactment, which has lately passed the legislature of Georgia, by a vote of 38 to 8, should be read in connection with the above:

SEC. 1. *Be it therefore enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia in General Assembly met*, That should the Congress of the United States pass any law prohibiting Slavery or involuntary servitude in any Territory of the United States, or any law abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia, or any law prohibiting the slave trade between the States where Slavery may exist, or admit into the United States as a State of this Confederacy the sparsely peopled Territory of California and New Mexico; or should the Governor of this State receive at any time satisfactory evidence that any slaves having escaped from this State to a non-Slave-holding State, and that such slave is or are refused to be given up to the proper owner by the authorities of the State in which such fugitive may be found, then or in either of the foregoing events, it shall be and it is hereby made the duty of the Governor of this State, within sixty days thereafter, to issue his proclamation ordering an election to be held in each and every County to a Convention of the people of this State, to convene at the seat of Government within twenty days after such election.

THE LEGISLATURE has passed a resolve, to employ two or more agents, under the direction of the Board of Education, to visit the various School districts in the State, to address the people upon the importance and value of Common School Education; the expense not to exceed two thousand dollars, which is to be taken from the School Fund. In other words, they are to be assistants to the Secretary of the Board of Education.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON SLAVERY.—Mr. Webster has at length delivered his speech on the great question which is now agitating our country. We have not space to give it entire, but must content ourselves with a brief account of it. He commenced with a dignified and impressive statement of the present condition of political disturbance and anxiety, and of the topics which he proposed to discuss. To use his own language, he rose to speak, "not as a Massachusetts man, nor a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States. It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States—a body not yet moved from its propriety, not lost to a sense of its own dignity, and its own high responsibilities, and a body to which the country looks with confidence for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing councils. It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our institutions of government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the West, the North, and the stormy South, all combine to throw the whole ocean into commotion, and to toss its billows to the skies, and to disclose its profoundest depths. I do not affect to regard myself, Mr. President, as holding, or fit to hold, the helm in this combat of the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I mean to perform it with fidelity —not without a sense of surrounding dangers, but not without hope. I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of the whole; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear, for many days. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. "Hear me for my cause." I speak to-day, out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all. These are the topics that I propose to myself to discuss; these are the motives, and the sole motives, that influence me in the wish to communicate my opinions to the Senate and the country; and if I can do anything, however little, for the promotion of these ends, I shall have accomplished all that I desire."

After sketching in a few words the history of the acquisition of New Mexico and California, and giving an account of the present political condition of those countries, he proceeds to discuss the subject of Slavery. This he does by tracing the institution of Slavery from the earliest times, through the Jews, Greeks and Romans to the present day, and to its existence in our own country. At the time our government was formed, it was the opinion of both the North and South that Slavery would soon cease—would die a natural death—and the legislation of the government was directed accordingly. Since that time, however, new interests, especially the cotton growing interest, have arisen and rendered slaves valuable to the South. Different opinions began to be entertained with regard to Slavery. The North has been growing more and more warm against it, and the South more and more warm in its support. Louisiana, Florida, and finally Texas, have been added to the United States, for the avowed purpose of extending and strengthening the slave-holding interest. The latter country has been admitted with the express stipulation, in the articles of annexation, that new States, not exceeding four in number, may be made out of its territory. Since the annexation of Texas, New Mexico and California have been added to our government. As to the disposition Congress ought to make of those new countries, Mr. Webster holds the following language.

"But now, that, under certain conditions, Texas is in, with all her territories, as a slave State, with a solemn pledge that if she is divided into many States, those States may come in as slave States south of 36 30, how are we to deal with the subject? I know no way of honorable legislation, when the proper time comes for the enactment, but to carry into effect all that we have stipulated to do. I do not entirely agree with my honorable friend from Tennessee, (Mr. Bell,) that, as soon as the time comes when she is entitled to another Representative, we should create a new State. The rule in regard to it I take to be this: that, when we have created new States out of Territories, we have generally gone upon the idea that when there is population enough to form a State, sixty thousand or some such thing, we would create a State; but it is quite a different thing when a State is divided, and two or more States made out of it. It does not follow, in such a case, that the same rule of apportionment should be applied.

"That, however, is a matter for the consideration of Congress, when the proper time arrives. I may not be here. I may have no vote to give on the occasion, but I wish it to be distinctly understood to-day, that, according to my view of the matter, this Government is solemnly pledged by law to create new States out of Texas, with her consent, when her population shall justify such a proceeding, and so far as such States are formed out of Texan territory lying south of 36 30, to let them come in as slave States. That is the meaning of the resolution which our friends, the Northern Democracy, have left us to fulfil; and I, for one, mean to fulfil it, because I will not violate the faith of the Government.

"Now, as to California and New Mexico, I hold slavery to be excluded from those territories by a law even superior to that which admits and sanctions it in Texas. I mean the law of nature —of physical geography—the law of the formation of the earth. That law settles forever, with a strength beyond all terms of human enactment, that slavery cannot exist in California or New Mexico. Understand me, sir, I mean slavery as we regard it; slaves in gross, of the colored race, transferable by sale and delivery like other property. I shall not discuss the point, but leave it to the learned gentlemen who have undertaken to discuss it, but I suppose there is no slave of that description in California now. I understand that *peonism*, a sort of penal servitude, exists there, or rather a sort of voluntary sale of a man and his offspring for debt, as it is arranged and exists in some parts of California and New Mexico. But what I mean to say, is, that African slavery, as we see it among us, is as utterly impossible to find itself, or to be found in Mexico, as any other natural impossibility."

Having taken the ground that the faith of the government is pledged to the support of slavery in Texas, and that slavery is excluded from California and New Mexico by natural barriers, Mr. Webster next opposes the Wilmot Proviso, as being needless. He says:

"The use of such a prohibition would be idle, as it respects any effect it would have upon the territory; and I would not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to re-enact the will of God. And I would put in no Wilmot Proviso for the purpose of a taunt or a reproach. I would put into it no evidence of the votes or superior power, to wound the pride, or an irrational pride, to wound the pride of the gentlemen who belong to the Southern states. I have no such object, no such purpose. They would think it a taunt of indignity; they would think it to be an act taking away from them what they regard a proper equality of privilege: and whether they expect to realize any benefit from it or not, they would think it a theoretic wrong, that something more or less derogatory to their character and their rights had taken place. I purpose to inflict no such wound upon any body, unless something essentially important to the country, and efficient in the preservation of liberty and freedom, is to be effected. Therefore, I repeat, sir, and I repeat it because I wish it to be understood, that I do not propose to address the Senate often on this subject. I desire to pour out all my heart in as plain a manner as possible; and I say, again, that if a proposition were now here for a government for New Mexico, and it was moved to insert a provision for a prohibition of slavery, I would not vote for it."

The mutual grievances of the South and North are next considered. Mr. Webster thinks there are just causes of complaint on both sides, and urges a faithful carrying out of the provisions of the Constitution as the only proper means of removing them. Upon the subject of restoring fugitive slaves, his language is strong and decided, and will probably surprise the North. He thinks—"that there has been found at the North, among individuals and among the legislators of the North, a disinclination to perform, fully, their constitutional duties in regard to the return of persons bound to service who have escaped into the free states. In that repect, it is my judgment that the South is right and the North is wrong. Every member of every Northern Legislature is bound like every other officer in the country, by oath, to support the Constitution of the United States; and this article of the Constitution, which says to these states they shall deliver up fugitives from service, is as binding in honor and conscience as any other article. No man fulfils his duty in any Legislature who sets himself to find excuses, evasions, escapes from this constitutional obligation. I have always thought that the Constitution addressed itself to the Legislatures of the states themselves, or to the states themselves. It says that those persons escaping to other states shall be delivered up, and I confess I have always been of the opinion that it was an injunction upon the states themselves.—When it is said that a person escaping into another state, and becoming therefore within the jurisdiction of that state, shall be delivered up, it seems to me the import of the passage is, that the state itself, in obedience to the Constitution, shall cause him to be delivered up.—That is my judgment. I have always entertained that opinion, and I entertain it now. But when the subject, some years ago, was before the Supreme Court of the United States, the majority of the judges held that the power to cause fugitives from service to be delivered up was a power to be exercised under the authority of this government. I do not know, on the whole, that it may not have been a fortunate decision. My habit is to respect the result of judicial deliberations and the solemnity of judicial decisions. But, as it now stands, the business of seeing that these fugitives are delivered up, resides in the power of Congress and the national judicature, and my friend at the head of the Judiciary Committee has a bill on the subject now before the Senate, with some amendments to it, which I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent. And I desire to call the attention of all sober-minded men, of all conscientious men, in the North, of all men who are not carried away by any fanatical idea or by any false idea whatever to their constitutional obligations. I put it to all the sober and sound minds at the North as a question of morals and a question of concience, What right have they, in their legislative capacity, or any other, to endeavor to get round this Constitution, to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the Constitution to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all—none at all. Neither in the forum of conscience nor before the face of the Constitution are they justified, in my opinion. Of course it is a matter for their consideration. They probably, in the turmoil of the times, have not stopped to consider of this; they have followed what seemed to be the current of thought, and of motives as the occasion arose, and neglect to investigate fully the real question, and to consider their constitutional obligations; as I am sure, if they did consider, they would fulfill with alacrity.

"Therefore, I repeat, sir, that here is a ground of complaint against the North, well founded, which ought to be removed, which it is now in the power of the different departments of the Government to remove; which calls for the enactment of proper laws, authorising the judicature of this Goverement, in the several States, to do all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and for the restoration of them to those who claim them. Wherever I go, and whenever I speak on the subject—and when I speak here, I desire to speak to the whole North —I say that the South has been injured in this respect, and has a right to complain; and the North has been too careless of what I think the constitution preremptorily and emphatically enjoins upon it as a duty."

These are the important points of the speech. They may be briefly stated thus; first, the formation of four new Slave States out of the territory of Texas; secondly, the admission of California and New Mexico, without any restriction, pro-slavery or anti-slavery; thirdly, the restoration of fugitive slaves.

The speech contains a suggestion, which we give below and leave our readers to judge of its merits.

"I have one other remark to make. In my observations upon slavery as it has existed in the country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or amelioration. I will say, however, though I have nothing to propose on that subject, because I do not deem myself so competent as other gentlemen to consider it, that if any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme of colonization, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. Nay, sir, following an example set here more than twenty years ago by a great man, then a Senator from New York, I would return to Virginia, and through her for the benefit of the whole South, the money received from the lands and territories ceded by her to this Government, for any such purpose as to relieve, in whole or in part, or in any way to diminish or deal beneficially with the free colored population of the Southern States. I have said that I honor Virginia for her cession of this territory. There have been received into the treasury of the United States eighty millions of dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands ceded by Virginia. If the residue be should be sold at the same rate, the whole aggregate will exceed two hundred millions of dollars. If Virginia and the South see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, they have my free consent that the Government shall pay them any sum of money cut off its proceeds which may be adequate to the purpose."

THE CHOLERA REPORT FOR BOSTON. We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of this report, which bears the title of "Report of the Committee of Internal Health on the Asiatic Cholera, together with a Report of the City Physician on the Cholera Hospital." It is a neatly printed document of one hundred and eighty pages, to which is appended a meteorological table for the months during which the Cholera prevailed, and a map of the city, showing the localities, which were visited by the epidemic. The Report is divided into three parts. The first contains an account of the Cholera Hospital and its organization, together with the medical history of the disease in Boston; the second contains the pathology of the disease, being a careful record of the post-mortem appearances; and the last is a description of the topography of the epidemic, with a careful account of the condition of the localities in which it existed. The latter portion of the Report is illustrated by plates, which will give our citizens a vivid idea of some of the abodes of wretchedness and misery, that are not far from any of us. We are assured by a medical friend that the Report is a most admirable one in every respect; and that it forms a valuable contribution to the medical literature of our country. A large portion of it can be read with as much interest by unprofessional readers, as by those belonging to the faculty.

☞ A correspondent of the Lowell Advertiser, writing from Washington, states that Mr. Nathaniel Greene, after eighteen years' service as Postmaster of Boston, has, within a few days, closed his account of millions with the post office department, and upon a final settlement received a check for seven hundred dollars and the thanks of the head of the department for the faithful discharge of his duties and the prompt settlement of his accounts.

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.—The Legislature of Virginia has been engaged in discussing a bill providing for a Convention to reform the Constitution, but the question of slavery has proved a great stumbling block. The western portion of the State contains but few slaves, who are concentrated mainly in the planting counties of the eastern section. In the apportionment of representatives the East demands a majority; and after haggling a great deal, the bill was ordered to be engrossed, last week, so as to give the latter section 17 majority in a convention of 135 members. Whether it will be passed finally, after this fashion, cannot be told, as the West is making hard battle upon it. [National Ægis.

CALIFORNIA. An active agency of the American Bible Society is now engaged in giving a wide circulation of the Scriptures in California. A Depository is soon to be opened in a Presbyterian Church in San Francisco. Among residents, speaking the Spanish tongue, the demand for the Bible is encouraging, and several copies have been sold among them. An Auxiliary Bible Society has been formed at San Francisco.—There was a Jewish service at San Francisco on the day of Atonement in which above thirty Jews participated. Henry Heine, a well-known baptized Israelite, having been attacked with sickness, has again become a Jew, and means to join the Synagogue publicly, on his recovery.

☞ SOCIETY FOR THE AID OF AGED AND DESTITUTE CLERGYMEN. The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt towards the funds of the above Society of the following sums.

A Friend,	$5 00
E. aged 70,	5 00
Mrs. J. Parkman,	10 00
Sam'l Appleton,	200,00
Charlestown, N. H., Ladies' Benevolent Society,	10 00
George Parkman, Jr.,	100 00
Edward Cruft,	10 00
Anonymous,	1 00
A Friend,	50 00
N. Thayer,	100 00
Groton Ladies' Char. Soc. by Rev. J. C. Smith,	10 00
Miss es Lowell,	20 00
C. A. Bartol,	10 00
Robert G. Shaw,	200 00
Mrs. R. G. Shaw,	200 00

march16 E. PEABODY, Treasurer.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES. The Ninth Lecture of this course, will be delivered in Bedford Street Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.

Subject Spiritual Life—In the Closet, in the Church, in the World. march16

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, at the Vestry of Rev. Dr. Lowell's Church, at 7 o'clock.

The Teachers of our Schools are invited to write communications upon any subject connected with Sunday School instruction, and to send them (anonymously or otherwise,) to the Secretary, No. 53 Allen Street, or carry them to the meeting. The evening will be occupied in the reading and consideration of these communication, of which it is hoped that there will be a large number presented. All interested in Sunday Schools are respectfully invited to attend.

march16 THOMAS GAFFIELD, Secretary.

☞ Rev. Mr. Mountford will deliver a Discourse in behalf of the Warren Street Chapel, at Rev. Mr. Huntington's Church on Sunday evening, March 17th, at 7½ o'clock.

*** A collection will be taken up. The Friends of the Institution are respectfully invited to attend. march16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Rev Thomas Worcester, Pastor of the New Jerusalem Church in Bowdoin street, to Mrs Lydia Dean.

March 3, Jeremiah Morton to Emily M., daughter of L. Thurston, Esq.

March 4, Capt. Oliver Eldridge of New York, to Miss Almira Hallet, daughter of the late George Hallet of Boston.

March 5, William A. Wellman, Esq., Assistant Collector of the port of Boston, to Matilda Gouverneur, daughter of S. G. Ogden, Esq., of Astoria, N. Y.

In Chelsea, Feb 28, Mr John A. Butler of Boston, to Miss Anna S Parker, daughter of the late Pierpont Parker of C.

In Great Falls, N. H., March 5, Mr J. E. Fletcher of Charlestown, Mass., to Miss Lydia M., daughter of Col. David Dow of Hancock, N. H.

In Concord, N. H., Feb. 25, Mr William Cheney of Boston, to Miss Martha Kittredge of Stoneham, Mass.

In Haverhill, N. H., Feb. 28, Edwin S. Thayer, of the firm of E. S. Thayer & Co., Milford, Mass., to Miss Nancy P. Barstow of H.

In Providence, R. I., Feb. 28, Mr William Gibson of Fitchburg, Mass., to Miss Julia A. Howard of Harrison, Me.

In Albany, N. Y., 6th inst, by Rev Chas M. Taggart, Mr John E. Taylor of California, to Miss Eliza E. Smith of Albany.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 6th, of pleurisy and lung fever, Samuel Bentley, Jr., 33.

March 4, Ellen Thorndike, daughter of James and Jane M. Gay, 10 yrs 2 mos.

March 4, of consumption, Mary E., wife of William Kimball, and daughter of Nathaniel Edwards of Temple, N. H., 39.

March 7, Mary Abigail, only daughter of Pliny and Eliza Nickerson, 2 yrs 7½ mos.

March 3, at the residence of his brother, (Francis Fisher, Esq.,) 13 Temple Place, Dr John D. Fisher, 53.

At Jamaica Plain, 4th instant, Henry A., only child of L. H., and Caroline E Varney.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took a flower away.

In South Reading, Mrs Mary Gould, widow of the late John Gould, Esq., 91.

In Worcester, March 4th, Mrs Sophia H. Greenleaf, formerly of Sterling, Mass., 51.

In Granby, Ct., Feb. 25, Mr Wm. Pratt, 99 yrs 3 mos, a revolutionary pensioner.

In New York, March 3, George Gray, 25, recently of this city, and a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1845.

In Sacramento City, California, Dec. 19, Charles Richmond, Esq., of Taunton, Mass., 68.

OBITUARY.

Died, in this city, March 4th, Elisha Hathaway, Esq., 75 years 6 months. Mr. H was, for many years, a well known and highly respected merchant of this city, doing business under the firm of E. Hathaway, & Co. He was distinguished and beloved for his quick, unobtrusive and kindly feelings and manners; for his strict fidelity and conscientiousness in all his business transactions, and for an humble and unostentatious goodness and piety of heart. He is mourned, as few are, by a large family circle, by the widow and the fatherless, and by the congregation with whom he worshipped for so many years, and for all of whom he has done so much by his labors and example.

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The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 10th.

REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge, Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. tf march16

WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY.

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—ITS—
PHYSICAL CHARACTER, VEGETATION AND ANIMALS,
COMPARED WITH OTHER & SMALLER REGIONS,
BY L. AGASSIZ,

WITH contributions from John L. Le Conte, A. A. Gould, Asa Gray, T. W. Harris, J. E. Cabot, Leo Lesquereux, and Edward Tuckerman; with a Narrative of the Expedition and Illustrations, by J. E. Cabot.

This work, which has been long delayed on account of the unexpected amount of material, is one of the most scientific works that has appeared in this country.

Embodying the researches of our best scientific men, relating to a hitherto comparatively unknown region, it will be found to contain a great amount of new scientific information.

The illustrations, seventeen in number, are in the finest style of the art, by Sourel; embracing Lake and Landscape Scenery, Fishes, and other objects of Natural History, with an outline map of Lake Superior.

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OUR Help is in God. A Discourse delivered in the Federal Street Meeting-House, in Boston, on Sunday, Feb. 24, 1850, by Ezra S. Gannett. Price 12 cents
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REV. William Cushing wishes to receive into his family at Bedford, two children between the ages of 8 and 12 years, to educate.

Refer to Hon James Savage and Hon. Luther S. Cushing, Boston; and Prof. C. C. Felton, Cambridge.
Bedford, March 16, 1850. tf

KING Rene's Daughter. CROSBY & NICHOLS, will publish next week,—King Rene's Daughter, a Dramatic translated from the Danish, 1 vol.
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JAMES MEANS, Principal.
Groton, March 16th, 1850. 4w

SPECIAL NOTICE!

THE copartnership heretofore existing between GEO W. WARREN, J. A. WARREN, A. B. WARREN, DAVID WHITE, Jr., W. B. BARRY and E. GERRY BATES, under the style of

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expired Jan. 31st, by its own limitation. The affairs of the *late* will be settled by the *new firm*, who will continue the business at

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Story on the Constitution of the United States.
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NEW SACRED MUSIC BOOK,

With Special exercises and Adaptations to Singing Schools and Choir Practice; entitled

THE BAY STATE COLLECTION: by A. N. JOHNSON, Organist at Park Street Church, Boston; JOSIAH OSGOOD, Organist at Winnisimmet Church, Chelsea; and SUMNER HILL, Organist at Old South Church, Boston.—One of the most complete Collections of SACRED MUSIC ever published, suited to the wants of all Christian Denominations, and to the various occasions of Public Congregational and Social Worship.

The work contains a large amount of MUSIC, embracing a great variety of *Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Chants, Choruses, and Set Pieces*, Original and Selected. The ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES are arranged in such a manner, that a full set of Exercises are presented for the practice of Elementary Classes, thus saving the labor of writing Blackboard Lessons, and greatly facilitating the progress of a Class. In addition to an unusually great variety of New Music, most of the Old Standard Tunes are contained in the work, published in a form which occupies but little room. The Anthems are of a very popular character, great care having been exercised in their selection and arrangement.—A set of SOLFEGGIO EXERCISES, for

POETRY.

Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose Pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Red Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In hall-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run.
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run.

OUR ELLIE.

Tread softly in this hallowed ground,
Break not the silent slumberer's sleep;
Beneath this little yellow mound
Our darling Ellie lies asleep.

Two years ago, when just the same
The summer walked upon the hills,
From brighter realms than this he came,
To lessen, with his smiles, our ills.

Too like an angel from his birth,
He never knew the taint of sin;
So the last hour he lived on earth
Was lovelier than the first had been.

As faint and fainter burned the flame
Of life a mother could not keep,
Murmuring with trembling lips her name,
Our blessed Ellie fell asleep.

Then here to slumber on alone,
We laid him in the earth below,
And with him to the grave went down
That mother's breaking heart of woe!

Yet, mourner, in thy dark despair,
O, weep not *hopelessly* for him;
Though the bright sunlight of his hair
Long in the darkness shall grow dim!

The blessed promise of his word
To souls like thine did Jesus give,
And in the kingdom of our Lord,
Such children as our Ellie live!

[Phœbe Cary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SCOTTISH MORAVIAN BOY.

BY J. B. SYME.

A FRAGMENT.

High in hope, and full of vigorous strength, James walked on for London. Visions of fame and honor danced before him, and lured him on; and although his limbs were weary and his eyes heavy when he reached Wentworth, he sat down in the little tap-room of the village, and threw his bundle on the table with the air of one who knew the world, and was not afraid to face it. Grouped around the table were several rustics, whispering their ideas of liberty, and listening to each other's notions of government and politics. They were men with honest, red faces, which were full of intelligence of beef and bacon, and radiant with the reflection of lard and dumpling. They were men whose hands had been trained to labor, but whose minds had been allowed to grapple with little more than the twenty-six propositions called the English alphabet. They knew little of the world, and what little they did know was to that poor world's disadvantage. Liberty they believed to be the bugbear which the lord of the manor interpreted it; politics a Pandora's box to all who openly breathed their proscribed name.

'And dost thou say, my lad, that ma Lord Fitzwillian is a good un?' said a rustic across the table to an open faced youth who was evidently unknown to him.

'One who is friendly to the oppressed, kind to the poor, and a lover of liberty, cannot be anything else,' was the lad's reply.

'O! art thou one of the liberty boys?' cried the countryman, with a loud laugh; 'look here, comrades here is one of them stirabouts; a fine spirit of a leveller he looks loike,' continued the peasant, sneeringly. 'Oda, bobs! but I could snap him in twain myself.'

'But you will not,' interrupted the young Moravian, soothingly; 'Englishmen were never meant to quarrel with each other, or they would not have been placed upon the same green sward. 'Come, friends,' he said, 'I am young, but I have read many books, and they have told me that liberty is a beautiful thing that brightens and cheers the darkest lot; free limbs make light toil, and free laws make willing subjects; but, free or bond, we are brothers, and let us agree.'

'Oh, ho!' shouted the peasants in chorus, as they turned towards the boy; 'here is a young parliamenter come amongst us. Here, man, drink and let us hear what thou hast to say.'

'I never drink,' replied the boy proudly; 'none who truly love liberty ever do. I have come into this room to rest, and to ask for a lodging for the night.'

'Thou shalt go with me friend,' said the young man whom the countryman had first addressed, 'and my father shall share his own bed with thee before thou wantest one.'

He rose as he spoke, and, lifting the young Moravian's bundle, led him to the inn door, amid the cheers and sneers of the beer-drinkers; and, holding him proudly by the hand, conducted him to the village of Wath.

Again, tossed by chance of circumstances into the path of trade, the youth found himself once more retailing dry goods for a subsistence; but the father of his young friend, whom he now served, unlike Mr. Dykes, encouraged him to pursue his studies: and often, when he spoke of him to his customers, he would declare that the world would hear of him yet.

'Very likely,' was the invariable reply of old Isaac Rathbone, the Diogenes of Wath, 'He may help to ring great Tom of Lincoln, or he may become our town drummer, and then the world will hear him and of him, no doubt,'

Did they who saw the roses fade from the Moravian boy's cheek, know to whom he had offered them as an oblation? Did they, as they saw his eyes sparkle with a thousand dazzling scintillations, and his features become illumined by a thousand intelligences, know whence they were derived? Ah, no! Genius held converse with him night after night in his little bed-room, and whispered in his ears, even when the yellow streaks of morning lighted the sky; but he was unnoticed and unknown, and walked among his compeers less the object of admiration than pity.

Years sped on, however, and his bright blue eye was still fixed upon the purpose of his youth. He had realized his loneliness now; he had idealized the loss of his mother. But still, home and friends, and a native land full of warm, holy sympathies, filled his vision; they had been born of his own glowing, ardent imagination, and they chastened and sweetened his life of care and toil. Often tired and sickened with the coldness and heartlessness of the world, he had set him down in sorrow and disgust; but the world within him would pass like a panorama before his mind's eye, dispelling the shades of what *was* in the brightness of what should be, and he would throw himself once more into the van of humanity, and battle with injustice. In his humble lodging he ate the mouldy crust; but the magic of his ideality could bring heaven near to earth, and his spirit fed on the manna of poesy. In his love of liberty there was an enthusiasm, a devotion, which dungeons and chains could not subdue. The fire of his genius burst out at last, like sunlight from a dark cloud, and quickened and brightened the spirits of all who felt its influence. He spoke in the might of his spirit to those who sat in the councils of the nation and neglected the poor, and they immured his body in the dark, damp walls of a prison. But his soul was free—he was a poet, whose aspirations and whose dreams were chainless, and he passed through each tribulation a wiser and better man.

. . . . . .

There was a hum of voices, a rustling of silks, and a waving of feathers, the patter of busy feet, whispers, bright glances, and radiant smiles, as men and women hurried into the hall. The chandeliers sparkled with the lustre of ten thousand miniature rainbows, and the bright gas-light glanced upon the banners and evergreens that decorated the pillars and hung upon the walls. Seated on each side of long benches, which were covered with fruits and flowers, were the elite of Sheffield, one of the most famous of industrial England's manufacturing cities. The merchant, with his keen, intelligent features, sat beside his rosy, buxom wife; while the swarthy, manly artisan, in his holiday attire, ranged proudly up with the scholar. Eager inquiries and graspings of the hand circulated around the friendly assembly, and then the multitude settled down into profound silence; for the idea that had drawn them together now reigned supreme in the thoughts of each, and a unity of expectation pervaded them all.

There was a movement in the long corridor at last, as of some ten or twenty men, and then a gentleman passed through a side-door and ascended a rostrum. A slight cheer greeted him, and his name passed rapidly round. It was Lord Milton—honor to his name! Another and another followed him, almost without notice, until at last a man, undistinguished by any of the extraordinary ornaments either of nature or of art, walked slowly up amongst the throng. His head was bent forward, as if he were in deep thought; but when he raised it and looked around, the tears were seen to glisten in his soft blue eyes. 'Hurrah!' Peal upon peal bursts forth now of free, unchecked cheers. The men spring to their feet, and set to it with a will—waving their hats and clapping their hands—while the white kerchiefs of the ladies flutter like banners of love beside the sable head-coverings of their vociferating spouses. The patriot poet stands before his countrymen at last revealed and acknowledged. The little Scottish Moravian is James Montgomery, the Christian poet, the modern Cowper.—The dungeon-door has long been opened before the might of truth and the light of justice, and one of the proudest of England's aristocracy feels his heart swell as he places the laurel upon the brow of this thoughtful, noble man. The ordeal has been passed—trial, and sorrow, and contumely, and tyranny, have been unshrinkingly borne, and now the man of worth and genius stands before his countrymen to receive the homage of their hearts. Again make the welkin ring, ye stoute-hearted, warm-souled English! It is not often that the poet-patriot meets reward from your hands or voices. Let him have it now.

. . . . . .

'Welcome to your native-town, good sir,' said a gray-haired man in the official robes of magistracy, as he bowed to Montgomery, who had alighted from a carriage at the entrance to the little Scotch provincial town of Irvine.

'Welcome! Welcome!' said the other magistrates, as they crowded round the poet and grasped him by the hands. 'Permit us to conduct you to the place of your birth.'

'I have a wish, gentlemen,' said the now venerable man with a smile, 'a wish which I have cherished long and fondly. Will you allow me to test the memory of my youth, and walk alone to my father's humble dwelling?' This was said so meekly and so feelingly that the councillors fell back and bent to him as he walked on. Aye, true to the instinct of his heart, he entered the humble little tenement were he first drew breath, without any other guide save the recollections of the past. A busy house-wife bustled about where his mother had reigned in days long past. Children rolled upon the hearth, and laughed in the fullness of their joy, as if they sought to awaken the echoes of his own youthful glee.

'Have you dwelt long here, my good woman?' said the poet, in a quiet, subdued voice, as the matron observed him and dropped a low curtsey.

'My gudeman was born here,' said the garrulous wife, being at once set at ease by the kindliness of her visiter's manners, 'and sae were my ain bairns; but ah! sir, though this hoose looks humble like and poor, there's mony a braw lady and serious gentleman crosses my lintel, and they stand quiet and thoughtful like, and I have often seen tears in their een. A palace is no sae worthy o' bein visited, they say, for palaces are no often the birth-places o' ony body but cuifs, but this is the birth-place o' Montgomery.'

The boy's dream had been consummated!

James Montgomery has sat at many glittering boards, and he has been greeted by many enthusiastic throngs; but the welcome that greeted him when he revisited his dear old home is one of the richest treasures of his pride. He lives in dignified retirement now, in the vicinity of that city in which he spent his manhood's strength in struggling with tongue and pen for the days of promise which shone in his loveliest dreams. Blessings on him! Long may he live beloved and loving!

FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN KILLING FLIES.

VERSUS ENGLISHMEN KILLING SIKHS.

"George, my love," said his mamma, on entering the breakfast parlor, "what are you doing with that little fly? Let me see. Why, my dear child, its wing and two legs are gone; how did this happen?"

George. I pulled them off.

Mamma. How could my little boy do such a thing? Don't you know that insect feels pain, just as you do when you hurt or cut yourself?—And how will it do, poor thing, without its legs? Try; it cannot walk; nor can it fly with only one wing.

George looked much grieved, and his mother added, "You know who made that little fly, dear?"

George. Yes, mamma.

Mamma. The same Heavenly Father gave life to you, and to me, and to every living insect. He can take life away; but which of us, Georgy, can bring it back again? You did not think at the moment, I know, that you were injuring one of God's creatures.

Shortly after this conversation, papa came in to breakfast "Now," said he, "while the coffee is being poured out, I will read you a bit of the newspaper. There has been a grand battle on the Sutlej, over there in India; and our troops have triumphed most gloriously; they killed 13,000 of those Sikhs; besides wounding a great many more; so THEY won't lift up their heads again just yet. It's really capital. Come, where's my coffee?"

George. Are you glad, papa?

Papa. Glad, my boy! Yes, to be sure I am right glad: and you ought to be glad too, and clap your hands, and cry "Hurrah."

Mamma. Always rejoice, Georgy, when your queen and country have gained a victory, and destroyed their enemies. What makes you so grave about it?

George. Why, mamma, I don't know why we should be sorry for people to kill *flies*, and and glad for them to kill *men*.

SLAVERY.

Facts illustrative of the enormous iniquity of American Slavery are incessantly coming to light, and sometimes are so deplorable as to stir every good sympathy of the community with keenest anguish. Another of these occurrences is now matter of comment in the New York papers. We learn from the Independent of last week, that Mrs. Nancy Cartwright, a very respectable woman, who has lived for some years in New York city, was once a slave, under the laws of Congress, at Alexandria. She purchased her freedom and that of several of her children by her own industry, aided by the kindness of friends; but was compelled to leave one daughter, a young woman of great personal beauty, still in a state of Slavery. What the results of that condition may be in such cases, may be learned by reading the following letter from the virtuous daughter to her pious mother, in the middle of the 19th century in the United States.

"*Alexandria, Jan.* 22, 1850.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, to inform you that I am in *Bruin's jail*, and Aunt Sally and all her children, and Aunt Hagar and all her children, and grandmother is almost crazy. My dear mother, will you please to come on as soon as you can? I expect to go away very shortly.—O, mother, my dear mother! come now and see your distressed and broken-hearted daughter once more. Mother, my dear mother! do not forsake me, for I feel desolate. Please to come now.

Your daughter, EMILY RUSSELL.

P. S.—If you do not come as far as Alexandria, come to Washington, and do what you can."

The case was brought to the notice of the Anti-Slavery Society, and Mr Harned immediately wrote to Bruin, the slave-dealer, to know on what terms Emily and the two families could severally be redeemed. The answer was as follows—

"*Alexandria, Jan.* 31, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—When I received your letter I had not bought the negroes you spoke of, but since that time I have bought them. All I have to say about the matter is that we paid very high for the negroes, and cannot afford to sell the girl Emily for less than *eighteen hundred dollars*.—This may seem a high price to you, but cotton being very high, consequently slaves are nigh.—We have two or three offers for Emily from *gentlemen* from the South. *She is said to be the finest looking woman in the country.* As for Hagar and her seven children, we will take $2500 for them. Sally and her four children, we will take for them $2800. You may seem a little surprised at the difference in prices, but the difference in the negroes makes the difference in price. We expect to start South with the negroes on the 8th February, and if you intend to do any thing you had better do it soon.

Yours, respectfully, BRUIN & HILL."

Wm. Harned, Esq. New York.

Mr. Harned adds—

"We have concluded to postpone our answer to this *liberal* offer until the readers of the *Tribune* have been made acquainted with the facts developed in the correspondence. Any comment of mine upon it is surely unnecessary. We are constantly told that the 'people of the Free States know nothing about Southern Slavery.' The publication of these letters will at least throw a little light (!) on the subject, and enable them to form some idea of the system of which Hon. A. G. Brown, of Mississippi, said in the Hall of Representatives on Wednesday last—"Instead of Slavery being a great social, moral and political curse, *it is a blessing to the master and the slave.*'"

Is it any wonder that good men become "fanatics" against an institution which involves such horrible evils, and which with an audacity equal to its enormity challenges the sanction of the churches and the civil legislation of this free land in the 19th century! Is it not essentially iniquitous, intolerable and damnable? Is it possible for the Christian world to endure its infamous outrages any longer? And who does not feel like calling upon the Almighty to avenge the suffering victims, at whatever consequence to the heartless oppressor, or the nation itself?—Most certainly this intolerable guilt cannot much longer be endured by the moral sentiment of this free and Christian land.

In order to appreciate the above case we must apply to it the principle upon which Christianity requires us to treat our neighbor—we must suppose that we or ours are the sufferers. Turn again to the first letter above, and imagine it to come from your own sister or daughter, beautiful and beloved, and yet debased to such degradation. How, ye strong hearted men and true hearted women of New England, would it seem to you in such a case? Could you eat to-day, or sleep to-night; could you ever forgive your country, if it did not rise as one man to avenge you and sweep the dark degradation from its soil forever? And yet look at your national legislature, engaged this moment in deliberating whether it shall sanction a grand scheme for the extension of the horrible evil, and behold many of the strong men of your own delegations dumb amid such deliberations—men whose voices ought to thunder against the heinous design, till the land should rock with indignation. [Christian Mirror.

FAT MEN.

There is something cordial in a fat man.—Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody.—Your Ishmaelites, are in truth, a bareboned race; a lank tribe they are, all skeleton and bile.—Food does a fat man good, it clings to him, it fructifies upon him, he swells nobly out, and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the bounty of the earth, and the fulness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humor. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man is, *per se*, a popular man; and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle the fattest man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he seems half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is; for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. . . . . A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows that his being is *cognizable*; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. Your thin man is uncertain, and therefore he is uneasy. He may vanish any hour into nothing; already he is almost a shadow, and hence it is that he uses such laborious efforts to convince you of his existence; to persuade you that he is actually something; that he is more than a non-entity; that he is a positive substance as well as his corpulent fellow creature. . . . . It really does take a deal of wrong to make one really hate a fat man; and if we are not always so cordial to a thin man as we ought to be, Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his *thinness*. A fat man is the nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every direction; a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man in fact, is but the *continuation of a point.*—[Lectures of Henry Giles.

FORTY DAYS OF LENT.—The number *forty* has been rendered in various ways, quite significant, and was appropriated to these special seasons of repentance. For forty days the deluge covered the earth—forty years the Israelites wandered in the desert, until the whole of the generation that had left Egypt, except one, was cut off—Moses fasted forty days on the mount—Elijah forty days in the wilderness—the Ninevites were allowed forty days for repentance and amendment, and our blessed Lord fasted forty days in the wilderness, at the commencement of his ministry on earth. Hence it is that this practice has been followed for more than eighteen hundred years.—[Syracuse Star.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

It is in vain to look for the highest excellence in any profession which is not made the profession of life. School teaching, resorted to simply as a stepping-stone to something better, has its advantages, but its disadvantages far over-balance them. Throughout our Commonwealth it will be generally found that the more intelligent men and women have been, in some portion of their lives, engaged in school teaching. The training received in this occupation has done much to elevate the character of the people, and to render them capable of conducting the educational interests of the town and district in which they reside. But the consequence to the school has been, frequent change of teachers, inexperienced teachers, and teachers who regarded their occupation rather as a means than an end. Our whole common school system, till within a very few years, has been systematically unsystematic.

The establishment of Normal Schools has done something, and is doing much, to do away temporary school teaching. It cannot, however, accomplish everything. A young man in choosing a profession will hesitate a long time before selecting one which promises absolutely nothing but food and clothing. Inveigh against the influence of money as we may, it cannot be denied that it possesses power to command the permanent employment of the highest talent. Deceive ourselves as we may, the well remunerated callings of life contain thousands who ought to be the teachers of children and youth, while there are multitudes in our schools, neither fitted by nature nor education, to occupy their responsible positions.

The power to change all this resides in the purses of the people, and the purses of the people must open before the change comes.—There are good teachers, excellent teachers, around us, who have always been kept poor by school teaching, and are thus unable to enter another calling;—who are held in their profession because they have become unfitted for another calling. It is not necessary to travel a thousand miles to find teachers of much experience, and acknowledged excellence, who support themselves and their families on the wages of a tolerable clerk. This is impolite, unjust and niggardly.

School teachers are the missionaries of civilization. The influence which they exert is second to none in moulding the character of the Nation. The importance of their work cannot be magnified. In order to secure for their position the talent and education requisite, in order to attract to it the young and aspiring, it must be made desirable as a life profession, by being made remunerative. As long as trade, agriculture and the arts hold out stronger inducements to enterprise than teaching, very little of this essential article will find itself in the school house.—[Springfield Republican.

STATISTICS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

From "Poole's Statistical View of the Executive and Legislative Departments' of the Government of Massachusetts, for the year 1850, we collate the following facts:

It appears from the catalogue that Gov. Briggs, a lawyer, was born in the town of Adams, April 12, 1796, and is now in his 54th year. He has just commenced his 7th year as Governor of the State.

Lieut. Gov Reed, a lawyer, was born in Bridgewater, Sept. 2, 1781, and is now in his 69th year.

The oldest member of the executive council is Dr. Timothy J. Gridley, who was born in Middlebury, Ct., Nov. 12, 1788, and is in his 62d year. The youngest member of the council is Dr. Luther V. Bell, born in Francistown, N. H., Dec. 20, 1806, and now in his 44th year.

William B. Calhoun, lawyer, secretary of the Commonwealth, was born in Boston, Dec. 29, 1795, and is in his 55th year.

Ebenezer Bradbury, machinist, State Treasurer, was born in Newburyport, July 31, 1793, and is in his 57th year.

Rev. Barnas Sears, secretary of the board of education, was born in Sandisfield, Nov. 19, 1802, and is in his 48th year.

Geo. H. Devereux, lawyer, adjutant general, born in Salem, Dec. 1, 1809, is in his 41st year.

Of the Senate, J. T. Buckingham, printer and editor, born in Windham, Ct., Dec. 21, 1779, is the oldest member, being in his 71st year, but Mr. Croley of Granville, born Dec. 29, is close after him. The youngest member is Wm. P. Washburn, manufacturer, born in Winchendon, Jan. 31, 1820, and now in his 31st year. Col. M. P. Wilder, president, merchant, born in Rindge, N. H., Sept. 22, 1798, is in his 52d year. The members from Hampshire County are Cyrus Kingman, farmer, born in N. Bridgeter, Feb. 23, 1794; and William A. Hawley, Editor and Printer, born in Andover, April 13, 1812.

Of the House, the oldest member is John Russell, printer, of Salem, born in Boston, July 30, 1779, and in his 71st year. The youngest member is J. B. F. Osgood, from Salem, born in Salem, July 1, 1823, and now in his 28th year.—The speaker, E. H. Kellogg, from Pittsfield, was born in Sheffield, July 6, 1812, and is now in his 38th year.

The oldest member from Hampshire County is William Parsons, farmer, of Northampton, born May 7, 1792, and the youngest is Waitstill Dickinson, farmer, of Amherst, born March 19, 1814.

Whole No. of members in the two branches 337.

The trades and professions are represented as follows:—farmers 83, merchants and tailors 49, lawyers 33, manufacturers 15, master mariners 13, editors and printers 11, clergymen 9, housewrights 13, physicians 6, machinists, mechanics, lumber dealers, civil engineers and surveyors, and hat makers, 4 each; painters 3; masons, ship-wrights, tailors, provision dealers, iron manufacturers, druggists, cabinet makers, paper manufacturers, clerks, stove dealers, sheriffs, 2 each; 35 other occupations and professions, including one gentleman, one each.

Members born in Massachusetts, 288; in New Hampshire, 21; in Vermont, 6; in New York, 6; in Maine, 5; in Rhode Island, 5; in Connecticut, 4; in England, 2; in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Brunswick, and Scotland, one each.

IRVINISM IN LONDON. A London correspondent of the Northern Warder says the sect have nearly a dozen chapels in London, several of them having very large congregations. In their form of worship, they now, in many respects, resemble the Roman Catholics. They have resolved on erecting a magnificent cathedral, in order to give greater *eclat* to their opinions and denomination. The site will be in the neighborhood of Oxford street. Towards the necessary sum, Mr. Henry Drummond, the Charing Cross Banker, any member for West Surry, is to contribute £6,250.

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